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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 661
MORE BUTTER 664
PACIFISTS AND SANCTIONS. By C. E. M. Joad . 665
A LONDON DIARY 666
THIS ENGLAND 667
VICTORY DAY IN SOUTH TYROL 668
ROWDIES. By Y. Y. 669
CORRESPONDENCE 670
From Jonathan Griffin; Prof. J. B. S. Haldane; Reginald Wilson; Joan Creyke; S. Clement Brown; "M.D., D.P.M."; A. S. B. Glover; Desmond MacCarthy; Clive Bell; R. E. Davidson; Shane Leslie; Alec Craig.
LORD CAMPBELL AND MR. CHARLES. By Aldous Huxley 673
THE GREAT EVENT 674
RUTHERFORD AND FRANCE, LTD.—PLAY STEALERS. By Leigh Ashton 674
PATERFAMILIAS DISTRAUGHT. By Otto Watteau . 676
PLAYS AND PICTURES 676
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . *Page* 6
REVIEWS:
English Local Government. By C. M. Lloyd . 678
New Novels. By Cyril Connolly 699
Freud on Himself. By Havelock Ellis . . . 700
Le Chasseur D'Images. By G. W. Stonier . . 701
Ethiopia. By J. H. Driberg 702
Looking for Trouble. By Raymond Mortimer . 704
Old Days and Ways in the Theatre. By John Hayward 706
SHORTER NOTICES 706
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 710
CROSSWORD 714
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 716
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (*see separate Index*). Includes contributions by Ralph Bates; R. H. Tawney; Peter Quennell; Harold J. Laski; Conal O'Riordan; Hamish Miles; J. F. Horrabin; J. L. Myres; Edward Sackville West; G. D. H. Cole; George Rylands; H. E. Bates.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

A VERY odd election—no one quite sure what it is all about or whether it matters much. Very little excitement and a great deal of perplexity. The perplexity is enhanced by the Government's adoption on the eve of the election of a social reform programme which goes a bit of the way along the line of Labour's own proposals and with the policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Council of Action. The uncertain elector may not readily descry the difference between announcing the date on which the school leaving age is to be raised so that necessary preparations must be completed by that date and a mere announcement that in the unspecified future the age will be raised. The voter who thinks that Labour cannot in any case now come into power to carry out a great Socialist scheme for the depressed areas, may even wonder whether £100,000,000 to be spent on roads over five years is an adequate substitute. The Government attempts to clinch the matter by raising a scare—so effective in 1931 and so obviously disingenuous now—that a Labour Government would mean financial chaos which, with the present leaders in charge of the Labour Party, means nothing unless that the City would prefer chaos rather than agree to obviously desirable reforms if they were carried out by Labour. The one point which should be quite clear to everyone who is not a dyed-in-the-wool Conservative is that the bigger the Opposition the better the chance of keeping the National Government to its word in national and international affairs and the more opportunity for the young men of the Opposition, who were kept out of the last Parliament, to gain experience and qualify themselves for the work of a Socialist Government which will presumably come into power before many years are past.

"Reforming" the League?

One of Labour's principal weapons has been, of course, the Government's past record at Geneva when Sir John Simon was Foreign Secretary. But it is much more difficult to establish the charge that Sir Samuel Hoare is also betraying the League. On Monday the *Daily Herald* published a story that the British Government had approached certain Powers—the Little Entente was specifically mentioned next day—with a view to "reforming" the League by cutting out Articles 10 and 16 and persuading Germany to come into a new system which would be, in effect, a new Four-Power pact (bol-

stered up with regional pacts and an Air Locarno) and which might easily turn into an anti-Russian bloc. Sir Samuel Hoare categorically denied that there was a word of truth in the story. We have ourselves information which seems on the face of it to support the *Daily Herald*. We know it to be true that indignant protests against such proposals have come privately during the last few days from the Little Entente. This sounds as if someone has put up the proposals and it is apparently believed on the Continent that they came from British sources. In view of Sir Samuel Hoare's denial we must look for another explanation. Perhaps the protest was only against Mr. Baldwin's recent references to Treaty revision and to the chances of Germany returning to the League. Or perhaps M. Laval, who is every day trying new twists and turns in his efforts to escape from a straightforward League policy, is responsible for proposals attributed wrongly both to France and Great Britain. The British Government's position is different from M. Laval's. It is now deeply committed to a full League policy and knows that its new prestige depends on maintaining that policy. But as Sir Herbert Samuel rightly pointed out in his broadcast talk, Conservatives do not naturally like the League and will only be kept from pushing the Government back to a mere rearmament and anarchic international policy if it is strenuously pushed forward by a powerful Opposition.

Approaches to Germany

Powers like those of the Little Entente, whose very existence depends on the League, have plenty of reason to be suspicious of talk of " reforming " the League. Of course, the League badly needs reforming in many ways. But reform on the lines suggested would make the League into a thinly disguised Western European entente, and this is just the kind of reform which several British Ministers have quite recently shown that they desire: Lord Londonderry has denounced adherence to the Covenant as a dangerous Socialist policy; Sir John Simon's attitude throughout the Sino-Japanese conflict was that the League should be no more than a machinery of conciliation conducted by a few great Powers, while Mr. MacDonald only a few months ago emphasised the need for regional pacts, and talked of " looking for a peace system in support of such declarations as the Kellogg Pact." The constant ministerial talk of " trying out " the League and looking for something else if it fails, has given rise to the idea that some members of the Government would still be rather pleased if it did fail, so that they could put the blame on France and rely on big armaments and a *rapprochement* with Germany. These same ministers have usually been the most fierce in their attacks on Soviet Russia, though these attacks have died down recently in view of Russia's new respectability and entrance into the League. As we have said, we do not believe that the British Government's present policy is as sinister as the *Daily Herald* suggests. The Left inevitably attributes too much malice and too much intelligence to the Right. The Government is not a coherent body of long-sighted Machiavellis. But if people to-day regard any approach to Germany as dangerous and fear that at the first opportunity the British Government may once again sell the pass at Geneva, the Government has nothing but its past record in foreign affairs to blame.

The Progress of Sanctions

The prospect of sanctions proving effective has been greatly increased by Germany's decision not to break the cordon of the import boycott. We do not yet know what lies behind Hitler's decision: it is sufficient for the moment that he would gladly weaken Italy's position, and that to keep on good terms with Great Britain is a pivotal point in his policy. In any case, it is excellent news that he will not permit Germany to be used as a channel for profiteers to re-export to Italy. The largest gap in the cordon is thus blocked. There is also at least a possibility that oil, the most vital of Italy's war needs, may after all be included in the boycott. The crux here is the United States, whose oil supplies to Italy have been increased sixfold in recent weeks. If President Roosevelt checks this increase, there is no reasonable doubt that Great Britain, Holland, Russia and Rumania will co-operate in preventing further supplies of oil from reaching Mussolini. In a broadcast message on Wednesday, Mr. Hull, the U.S. Secretary of State, hinted at the possibility that Mr. Roosevelt might ask Congress for power to enlarge the embargo already imposed by the Neutrality Act on " implements of war " to belligerent countries. In any case, there is now a real possibility that Mr. Roosevelt may find means, as Germany has done, of limiting oil exports to Italy to normal supplies. In that case the import sanction will look a very different proposition to the Duce. The price of oil has already increased in Italy; if he cannot purchase new supplies for his transports, aeroplanes and tanks, his Abyssinian campaign has a definite time limit.

The Kingdom of Greece

The pinchbeck plebiscite has, as everyone knew it would, restored the king to Greece. The monarchy was in fact restored by General Kondylis's coup some weeks ago. The electors were merely required last Sunday to recognise the *fait accompli* by a majority that would satisfy the King. The result was at once a tribute to the measures taken by the Government to suppress the Opposition and a sign of the general desire of the Greek people to be rid of the faction fights that have plagued them for so long. Actually just over a million and a half persons voted out of a total electorate of some four millions, and nearly 98 per cent. of them declared in favour of the monarchy. King George II will now be escorted home in triumph from London, after his eleven years of exile. He will not, we fear, find himself in a bed of roses. His own intentions are benevolent; he desires nothing more than to be a constitutional sovereign in a democratic State. The designs of that masterful intriguer and turncoat, General Kondylis, are not so clear. He is suspected of dictatorial aims—with himself as a sort of Mussolini and King George as his Victor Emmanuel. There is also the Republican snake, scotched but not killed, to be reckoned with. And there are foreign complications. As a well-informed writer in our correspondence columns points out, the struggle in Greece has not been merely a domestic affair between Royalists and Republicans. Pro-Italian and anti-Italian policies have played a large part in it.

The British Navy

The Government seems determined to prove that the British Navy is no good. Despite the effective replies

made in a great many quarters to Mr. Baldwin's speech, attempts are still being made—by the *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, in reply to Sir Stafford Cripps—to maintain that the Navy is hopelessly out of date in comparison with its rivals. The very reverse is true. We have two battleships, the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, laid down in 1922, which carry nine 16-in. guns each. The only other post-war battleships in the world are the United States' *West Virginia*, laid down in 1920, which carries eight 16-in. guns, and one French ship. The United States' *Colorado*, laid down in 1919, can hardly be classed as post-war. Japan has two battleships with eight 16-in. guns, but they were both laid down during the war. And besides the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, Great Britain has ten battleships and three battle-cruisers, all armed with 15-in. guns. Neither Japan nor the United States have any ships with 15-in. guns at all. Moreover, no European Navy, apart from the British, has any battleships armed with either 15-in. or 16-in. guns, or any laid down since the war—with the exception of the two German "pocket" battleships, which are only of 10,000 tons, and one 26,500-ton battleship recently launched by France. France has one and Italy two full-sized battleships building; but Italy's most modern battleship at present afloat was laid down in 1912. In cruisers we have no fewer than 19 completed since 1925. The United States has 15, Japan 12, France 11, and Italy 11. In destroyers we have 44 completed since 1925. This is more than any other country except France. We have also built 27 submarines since 1925; a figure which has been exceeded by France and Italy, but by no one else. It will be seen from these figures that the £946,000,000 spent on the British Navy since the Armistice has not been so hopelessly wasted after all. Listening to the Government propaganda, how many people would guess that from 1920 up till the end of the financial year in 1934 Great Britain spent a total of £1,821,869,000 on defence—an average of £10,700,000 per month?

The Government and Public Works

These large sums that the Government is promising to spend upon roads and railways—what do they mean? As far as we are able to judge they mean nothing over and above what is being done already. £100,000,000 sounds a great deal; but £100,000,000 in five years means £20,000,000 a year, which sounds a good deal less. £30,000,000 for the railways also sounds big; but in fact it does not go beyond what the railways have actually been spending during the past year or two, without any special scheme of State aid. The Government is perhaps pledging itself not to revert to the panic economy measures of 1931, and not to allow investment in roads and railways to fall back below the existing levels; but we are unable to discover that it is promising anything more than that. According to the Ray Report on Local Expenditure, payments from the Road Fund in 1931–2 amounted to over £33,000,000, and the May Report recommended the cutting of this sum to £20,000,000. On the face of the matter, then, £100,000,000 in five years for the roads is precisely the "economy" figure of 1931. Careful reading of Mr. Chamberlain's speech convinces us that it indicates no intention to pursue an active policy of public works. But large figures may make good election propaganda, even if they mean nothing.

The Miners Go On

The miners have decisively refused to postpone their strike ballot, or to yield to the blandishments of either Mr. Baldwin or Mr. MacDonald—neither of whom can really have expected his blandishments to be of any effect. It is true that the owners in all districts have now agreed to set up central selling organisations by the middle of next year. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald argue that the miners ought to be content to wait and see the effects of this machinery before proving their claims for higher wages. But how long are they expected to wait, and what guarantee is there that the establishment of selling machinery will do anything to enlarge the wage-paying capacity of the industry—unless indeed it does so at the expense of the consuming public? If higher prices do follow, will they not be accompanied by a further contraction in sales and employment? The setting up of sales agencies will by itself do nothing to increase the industry's productive efficiency, or to bring about those colliery amalgamations which the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission has so signally failed to effect. The miners, earning for the most part what everyone agrees to be less than a reasonable living wage, cannot wait till 1937, and then see whether the position looks like getting better. They want something now, if possible without a strike; but they cannot stop a strike without some solid concession to put before their constituents. Difficult as it is to see what the outcome of a national mining strike can be under present conditions, it is quite impossible to blame the miners for going on, unless they are offered something far more tangible and immediate than a contingent and post-dated hope.

The Municipal Elections

The papers differ widely in their estimates of the net results of last week's municipal elections. On the morrow of the poll most of the press reported net Labour losses, varying from ten or so to about thirty according to choice. But now that the full results are to hand it seems doubtful whether there was any net loss at all; and the Scottish elections, held this week, have undoubtedly resulted in a net Labour gain. In Leeds, the Labour Party has lost its majority mainly on the issue of differential rents. Many of the better paid artisans, unable to rise to the Socialist notion of paying more to ease the position of the poor, are said to have voted against Labour. But the scheme, admirable in itself, is now well-established, and we believe that the new Conservative majority will not wish to destroy Leeds' new reputation as the one town in England which is really tackling its housing problem. As against the loss of Leeds, Labour has gained an absolute majority in Glasgow, and several other English and Scottish towns pass for the first time under the rule of Labour majorities. In view of the fact that Labour was probably defending a larger number of municipal seats than ever before, and also facing a closer combination of Liberals and Conservatives, the results are by no means bad, though they fell short of the hopes which had been entertained. Certainly it is quite unwarrantable to draw from them conclusions adverse to Labour's General Election prospects.

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MORE BUTTER

THE Archbishop of York, in a speech at the Albert Hall last Tuesday, made a rousing attack on the conditions of poverty and misery to which masses of the people of this country are condemned to-day. At the same hour, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald on the wireless was telling us what he and his friends have done and are going to do to remedy those sufferings. He dwelt with unction on the "great performances" of the National Government—the increase of employment, the construction of houses, the gradual restoration of prosperity—and he asked for a new mandate to enable them to continue "the rebuilding of Britain." It is a specious plea; it is no sufficient answer to the Archbishop's indictment. The domestic policy of the Government since 1931 has been a policy of drift, a series of shifts and pretences, of grudging concessions here and there. Their building of Britain has been, and will continue to be, jerry-building; for they have no plan, and they are using rotten bricks and mortar. They are, in short, affecting to cure the evils of poverty by defending an economic system which inevitably fosters those evils.

The Government have, of course, under the pressure of popular discontent, been driven to apply palliatives. They have restored, and taken immense credit to themselves for restoring, "economy" cuts which they themselves made. They have reversed their first disastrous policy of reaction in housing. They have attempted, in a muddled fashion, to remedy the farmers' grievances—though for the farm labourer they have got no farther than promising, at some future date, to help him by the introduction of a long overdue scheme of unemployment insurance. They have doled out some money for the relief of the depressed areas, and they have produced—on the eve of the General Election—some imposing looking schemes of public work. But what impression have these things, and such others as they may choose to put to their credit, made on the deadweight of poverty that confronts us? The number of registered unemployed is 203,245 less than it was a year ago. But apart from the highly controversial question of how much that reduction is due to anything the Government have done, the total still stands at 1,916,390. In some industries, great staple industries, and in some areas, the numbers of the workless are appalling. In the Durham coalfield, for example, the latest reports of the Ministry of Labour show 21.9 per cent. of all the miners as wholly unemployed, and 5.2 per cent. temporarily stopped; in South Wales the percentages are 25.4 and 7.7—one man in every three out of a job. In shipbuilding, out of a total of 66,000 men and boys employed in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, no less than 41.7 per cent. were unemployed at the end of September. At the same date in the Lancashire and Cheshire Employment Exchanges 50,000 cotton operatives were registered as wholly unemployed, and 29,000 as temporarily stopped. On another page of the current *Labour Gazette* you may see the numbers of workers, aged 18 to 64, who have been unemployed for a year, for two, three, four or five years. The total is 361,777. It includes 32,500 who have had no job for five years; and it includes nearly 6,000 young people, under twenty, who have been on the registers for anything between a year and three years. We make no apology for citing these statistics. We venture to say that they are more significant reading than the comfortable generalities of the Lord President of the Council or the Chancellor of the Exchequer's bogy stories about the danger of a Labour victory.

Nor is it only the unemployed who are pinched and degraded by poverty. By any decent reckoning of what contributes a civilised living wage, there is a vast army of workers existing below the standard. The miners are demanding a rise of 2*s.* per day, which their employers profess—and maybe with truth in the present condition of the industry—they cannot pay. The average earnings of coal miners in Great Britain, as shown in the last Annual Report of the Secretary for Mines, were 9*s.* 2¾*d.* per shift. Add 4½*d.* for the value of allowances in kind, and multiply by the average number of shifts worked, and you get a total income of less than 48*s.* per week. Often, of course, the position is far worse. The Mineworkers' Federation declare explicitly that "there are thousands of adult workers in the industry to-day who receive less than £2 per week for a full week's work, and many thousands more who receive little more than £2 per week." Who is responsible for this scandal? If the colliery companies cannot pay their employees a living wage, the Government can compel them—and could long ago have compelled them—to reorganise their business, or to hand it over to somebody who will run it better. The Government are now, with the threat of a national strike before them, beginning to take notice. But what confidence can anyone feel, in the light of their past sins of omission and commission, that they will have the courage and the sense to tackle the problem effectively?

The Archbishop spoke with proper heat about the housing question. He admitted, as we admit, that efforts have been made to clear slums and abate overcrowding. But the efforts have been inadequate, and the National Government, though they have mended their ways of late, are still not facing the most urgent need. There is still, as Dr. Temple said, "a grievous shortage of decent houses at rates within the means of the poorest people." Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues boast of the hundreds of thousands of new houses that have been built. They do not mention the damning fact, to which Mr. Greenwood called attention in his broadcast on Monday, that only about a quarter of all these houses have been built to let at rents which the workers can afford to pay. And what, finally, of the housewife and food and food prices? The *Daily Telegraph* addressed itself to this matter in an ingenuous leading article the other day. It gave a list of the low price of meat and cheese and bacon and butter, and attributed that without further argument to the policy of the Government. It did not refer to the high price of milk, whose supreme importance as an article of diet is admitted on all hands. Why has not the Government's policy reduced that? Nor did it discuss the amount of money which the housewife has available for buying the family's food. Yet that surely is relevant. Cheap food is doubtless a blessing, but it is a blessing which, in the present state of things, offers a very limited satisfaction to millions who are struggling to make both ends meet on inadequate wages or doles from the Public Assistance Committee or the Employment Exchange. "Each of us," says the *Daily Telegraph* joyfully, "now eats seven pounds more butter a year than in 1930, many more eggs,

much more fresh fruit and vegetables. We are drinking many millions more gallons of milk." This is indeed a rosy picture. Unhappily it is also a false picture. "Each of us" is not really waxing so fat and healthy; some of us are, many others are not. "We," meaning the inhabitants of the country in the aggregate, are doubtless drinking our milk by the gallon; a whole host of children, who need it desperately, are getting a couple of mouthfuls a day—or none at all.

A few years ago, when he was still a Socialist, Mr. MacDonald would have poured scorn on the "great performances" that he hymns to-day. He would have said, and quite truly, that the Government was a Government of the rich—offering crusts, and not too many of them, to the poor, without any plans for getting rid of poverty and without any belief in the possibility of getting rid of poverty. The opponents whom he now derides have both the belief and the plans. That does not mean, of course, that Socialism offers a short cut to abundance; what it does offer is a genuine remedy for the disease of starvation in the midst of plenty, for the contrast of fortunes for the few and a pittance for the many, for the scandal of a pound of butter for me and a lick of margarine for you. The National Government, says Mr. MacDonald, looks forward to "a hard but hopeful road." The Labour Party might well say the same, but with this difference—its hope of plenty under Socialism has substance, his hope of plenty under Capitalism is a will o' the wisp.

PACIFISTS AND SANCTIONS

PACIFIST supporters of the League are permitting themselves to be unduly bemused by the problem of sanctions. Arguments prolonged to the point of exasperation fail to yield agreement, and conscience is invoked under the name of "my personal position" to cover the discomfiture of the puzzled intellect. Everybody, of course, wants the same thing—peace. But to peace at the moment there seem to be alternative routes, alternative and apparently irreconcilable. We believe, most of us, in universal, even in unilateral, disarmament; we also believe that steps should be taken to restrain the aggressor—that Mussolini, in other words, should not be allowed to "get away with it." Many of those who take this latter view were, however, conscientious objectors in the last war and have passionately reiterated their intention of refusing any kind of military service in the next.

Present difficulties arise from the feeling that these three desirable ends—disarmament, sanctions against Mussolini, refusal of military service—are inconsistent. It is by no means clear to me that this is the case, and I wish to try to show along what lines they may be reconciled.

Take, first, the belief in disarmament. Armaments, we hold, never have made the world safe and never will. You cannot insure against war by devoting all your savings to the storing of explosives, and the possession of vast armaments begets sooner or later the itch to use them. It also begets fear in others that they will be used. Hence arises the well-known vicious circle whose circumference has been most concisely perambulated by the lady who announced: "We must build our fleet up to what they said they would build theirs up to if we built ours up." To the plain common sense of the disarmament case many would add a moral argument. No good thing, they aver, has come or ever can come of the use of force. Force triumphant begets hatred and the desire for revenge in those against whom it is used. The victims of force do not reject the belief in force. On the contrary they embrace it the more passionately, hoping that though by force they have failed to-day, they will by force succeed to-morrow; while the victors, conscious of the hostility to which their successful use of force has exposed them, feel unable to relinquish it when it has served their purpose. The proposition that no good thing ever does or can come from the use of force does not seem to me to be self-evident. But it must be admitted that, as far as the history of nations goes, there is a good deal of evidence to support it. In this respect the history of England, France and Germany since the war is no exception.

Believing in universal disarmament, we believe, many of us, in unilateral disarmament as the most effective—some would say as the only—means of securing it. Somebody must begin, somebody must break the vicious circle. The moral effect of such a beginning would, we hold, be prodigious; and from no nation would the gesture have greater significance than from the one with the most to lose. Nor is the moral effect the only consideration involved. In so far as our enormous armaments are a source of fear to others, the fear would be removed, and fear is the most potent cause of war. Admittedly we should have to face the possibility of a diminished British Empire. But what of that? To lose those parts of the Empire which we hold down by force is not an evil, but a good; while it is becoming daily increasingly clear that it is only by means of a redistribution of raw materials, of mandates, and even of colonial possessions, that the peace of the world can be preserved.

The loss of the Empire is, however, we hold, by no means certain. The concern of nations is less with political ownership than with access to specially favoured markets and raw materials. It is not necessary to own a country in order to trade with it. But it is necessary to feel reasonably sure that your trade will not be suddenly cut off, your access barred, as a measure of war on the part of the owning Power. So far as the British Empire is concerned, this fear of the deprivation of raw materials would be removed by our disarmament, and the stage would be set for a world economic conference to consider their more equitable distribution. It is on these lines that we should seek to show that unilateral disarmament by this country, so far from provoking, would remove, many of the causes of war.

Imbued with these beliefs, pacifists find themselves confronted with the problem of sanctions. Themselves disavowing the use of force, they are faced with a world which relies on it. The country, they cannot but realise, has rejected the pacifist solution, rejected it so completely that to advocate unilateral disarmament at the moment is to be dubbed an unpractical idealist or a dangerous lunatic according to one's company. The pacifist remedy being rejected, is there no other which offers a chance of success? The best being impracticable, is there no second best which may be fruitfully essayed?

Obviously there is; there is the League. The League we recognise to be the one good that emerged from the evil of the last war. It embodies, it is obvious, the germ of an international government. It implies the admission of the principle that national sovereignty is not absolute, but must on occasion bow before public right, and that the relations of nations, no longer judges and juries in their own cause, should be regulated by common, and because common, by impartial law. The League stands, in a word, for the supersession of war as an instrument of policy for the settling of disputes. Now this, it is clear, constitutes a tremendous advance. The hope of ending war contributed the sole touch of idealism to mitigate the sheer beastliness of the last war. "Never again," said the men in the trenches. Why never again? Because they believed that their suffering would eradicate war from the world and set up the rule of public right. They were fighting "the war to end war," and the instrument of war's abolition was to be the League. Now the League has laboured from the first under serious disabilities. It has, for example, been unlawfully wedded to the Versailles settlement, which has been a veritable millstone round its neck, enabling it to be plausibly represented as an ingenious device on the part of the sated

Powers for riveting the shackles of an unjust settlement upon a discontented world in the name of public law and international justice. Also the League has been gravely prejudiced by the failure of its members to carry out their pledges to disarm. This failure does not, however, constitute, in the pacifist's view, a ground for despairing of the League. On the contrary it reinforces his pacifism. The effectiveness of the League as the architect of world peace depends, he sees, on its ability to induce its members to carry out their pledges to disarm. Its comparative inefficacy is due to its comparative lack of success. There is, then, no contradiction between advocacy of the League and a policy of complete disarmament.

When, therefore, the pacifist, in a world which has rejected his best, looks round for a second best, he turns automatically to the League. His position in relation to the present emergency may perhaps be most conveniently brought out by an imaginary dialogue.

"How," asks the man in the street, "would you preserve peace in the present emergency?"

"By universal disarmament," the pacifist replies, "in which I would have this nation set the example."

"Won't do," says the man in the street. "Too dangerous! Besides, the country wouldn't stand for it for a moment. Is that all you have to say?" An awkward question, this last. The pacifist is presumably a man who has given a certain amount of attention to the problem of peace and war. A crisis comes, and the sum total of his counsel is apparently to propose a totally impracticable policy and then to retire in dudgeon to adopt a pose of outraged virtue on the pedestal of a smug complacency.

"What an unpractical prig," says the man in the street, as he turns away in disgust, prepared to put the pacifist in a concentration camp at the first reasonable opportunity.

Now this, it is obvious, is serving the cause neither of pacifism nor of good sense. I conceive, then, that the pacifist should reply as follows:

"I am sorry that you reject my solution, sorry that you are still determined to look for safety to the use of force. But since force is apparently going to be used, I am tremendously concerned to see that its use involves as little harm, and brings as much good, as possible. Force used by a sovereign Nation-State to advance its own ends is one thing; force used by the League to establish a common law is another. If arms are to be employed, at least let us arm the law rather than the litigant. If men are to be killed, at least let some good come of their suffering. Thus, while all force is objectionable—an Italian soldier in process of being disembowelled by a shell will not suffer any the less keenly because the gun was manned by a League gunner—controlled force used by the law to end a quarrel is at least better than uncontrolled force employed by a party to the quarrel. But you cannot be too careful to ensure that it is so used. So soon as it appears that it is selfish interests, those of British Imperialism, for example, rather than public law which is being promoted, then I should withdraw my support and I should expect you to withdraw yours."

The statement of policy which I have put into the mouth of an imaginary pacifist asked whether he will support sanctions may be reinforced in three ways. First, it is by no means certain that the use of League force will be necessary. The threat of it may be enough, or economic sanctions may suffice. Secondly, if it is successful, its very success may serve as a means to its eventual supersession. The prestige of having stopped the war will place the League in a far stronger position for staging a successful disarmament conference after the war. Thus by the use of what I have called the second best method the conditions may be established for successfully essaying the best. Thirdly, what is the alternative? Might enthroned as right, Fascism triumphant, total demoralisation of the forces which have tried so hard and so long to secure disarmament, collapse of the League, feverish rearmament, new balance of power groupings, a short period of fear and hatred and then conflagration—or, to translate in terms of the language which I have been using, the doom not only of peace, but of that method which in the last resort the pacifist recognises as the only means of securing peace. Thus, unless the pacifist advocates a "second best" now, he will be precluded probably for a generation from pursuing the method which seems to him to be best.

Nevertheless, this policy of sanctions *does* remain for him a second best. The use of force is not, after all, his policy; and it is only because he has been unable to convert the world to his policy, that the use of force by the League has come to seem the least evil of the various courses that are practicable. But the pacifist has no *personal* obligation to take part in a course which he advocates only under duress. If we were to ask him, "What would you do now, had you absolute power?" his answer should be, "I would call a disarmament conference and set it an example by disarming." His "best," then, is disarmament. Meanwhile, because of the hardness of men's hearts and the thickness of their heads, he is driven to support sanctions as the best that offers under the circumstances, and as a means to the absolute best.

C. E. M. JOAD

A LONDON DIARY

So far the most efficient political broadcast has been Mr. Baldwin's, with Sir Herbert Samuel as a good runner-up. Mr. Baldwin hits just the right note—that comforting, reassuring note which makes people think him a safe fellow to leave in charge in a perplexing world. Leave it to Jeeves, the man of infinite resource and sagacity, the man who is never ruffled and never brilliant, who trusts you and expects you to trust him. Mussolini will be dealt with as efficiently as Aunt Agatha. Mr. Lloyd George is at a disadvantage with the new technique. He has a whole armoury of capacities which are not in Mr. Baldwin's make-up. But he needs an audience in front of him if he is to display them; he thrives on the heckler, on the tense atmosphere, on the *smell* of the crowd. The microphone is a soulless non-odoriferous instrument, a one-way traffic affair which does not answer back. (Television, which will be here in the next election and possibly in general use in the election after that, will present a curious new problem—the listeners shall see the broadcaster but he won't see them.) Major Attlee was sensible and factual: perhaps he packed rather too much into his talk. Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Greenwood, old antagonists, made the usual fighting speeches, both a little querulous and assertive. Nothing smothers a broadcast so quickly as the dusty old phrases of party warfare; success on the air is for the man who can be fresh as well as direct and intimate. For my part, I agreed with Mr. Greenwood, but thought Mr. Chamberlain more effective. Lord Snowden can still turn out a nice line in invective; while he talks a good time is enjoyed by all. In the panic of 1931 he was powerful as well as bitter and patriotic; in the calm confusion of this almost meaningless election, bitterness, like patriotism, is not enough. The best electoral joke so far was Mr. Lloyd George's praise of Lord Snowden as the man who took us off the gold standard and saved the country from chaos in 1931. I agree with Mr. Boothby that "this is really too much"—seeing that Lord Snowden was Chancellor of the Exchequer and took the Labour Government into its financial mess just because he refused every remedy suggested. He stuck to the gold standard with a pertinacity that no one who was not a little behind the scenes can imagine. "Really too much"—which is what I also felt about Mr. MacDonald's well-delivered broadcast. His picture of the National Government as the champion of disarmament, the saviours of the poor and all the rest of it could hardly be improved on in parody.

* * *

Immediately after Mr. MacDonald's talk on Tuesday another fine Scottish voice came over the microphone. It was the last but one of a series of Talks by an anonymous psychoanalyst. I am sorry that the B.B.C. has cut out one of this series

on the ground that it might have sounded tendentious during the election. It is not a series that is likely to make people vote on one side or the other. Its effect is to make clear by one pointed example after another how primitive human beings still are, and how small their success is likely to be as long as they manufacture trouble by antediluvian methods of education. Tuesday's talk ended with a remarkable slogan, which might be adopted by any sane political group: "reasonable people of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your fears."

* * *

The most lively and intelligent propaganda so far issued from Transport House is a sixteen page folio pamphlet called "What Socialism will really mean to you." It is illustrated with excellent photographs and pictorial statistics, and explains in simple language what "poverty in the midst of plenty" means: it gives examples of the immense wastefulness of capitalism, and paints, sensibly and persuasively, the picture of what the world can really be like to ordinary men and women when they have overcome the traditional taboos about private ownership.

* * *

The only imaginable justification for retaining the anomaly of University representation is the return by the Universities of outstanding individuals who are not primarily politicians and who would stand no chance of being elected in the ordinary way. As the exigencies of party warfare to-day make this increasingly difficult, a distinguished Oxford Don suggested to me the other day that University Members should have the right to speak in the House, but not to vote. Then the Parties would not bother and we should have a few members who would be listened to as experts and not as politicians. I suppose if this rule were adopted, Sir Norman Angell might be elected for London University—he certainly should be—and Professor Stocks and Mr. A. P. Herbert would stand a better chance of election at Oxford. Not that I or anyone else would call Mr. Herbert an expert, though he has made a particular niche for himself as the champion of water-buses on the Thames and of the abolition of unnecessary restrictions on private life. In his very unconventional address he shows that when it comes down to brass tacks he is capable of listening to reason even where his heart has often led him into absurdities. There is nothing here about the shocking restrictions on liberty involved in closing shops at a reasonable time at night so that employees may enjoy a little liberty themselves. And what he says about public houses and temperance might pass even with a jury of publicans who, as a class, have learnt to find the restriction on hours an immense boon. I like too his point "(9) Agriculture. I know nothing about agriculture." He doesn't understand what Socialism is and cannot resist being witty and silly when he refers to his inability to believe that "the best and only way of managing this complicated world has been revealed to my old football captain, Sir Stafford Cripps." But he really does mind about liberty and I have not given up hope of proving to him one day that you can't have liberty unless you have upset the power of private interests to take it away from other people.

* * *

Several correspondents have sent me copies of an interesting letter recently sent to them over the personal signature of Lord Beaverbrook. The letter recalls that the *Daily Express* and other Beaverbrook papers have adopted the view that peace can only be obtained by a policy of "keeping out of entanglements," and concludes:

> I seek your advice. I ask your views. I hope that you can be persuaded to tell me how far you subscribe to the policy which I advocate. Point out the weaknesses in it which occur to you. Tell me what policy you think this country should follow. I do not ask for letters for publication. None will be published or made use of. I seek guidance and direction.

Some people explain this letter as a publicity stunt. I am prepared myself to believe that it is, at least in part, dictated by a genuine intellectual difficulty in which Lord Beaverbrook finds himself. He has discovered from the Abyssinian dispute that the Empire and Europe are one—that the internal constitution and expansionist policy of Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany threaten our overseas possessions. In other words, the division he has imposed on the world is non-existent: Europe's problems are also the Empire's. One or two correspondents have sent me copies of their replies to Lord Beaverbrook. But the most surprising comment is supplied by his own *Evening Standard*. In a recent article on "Splendid Isolation," obviously written under the eye of the proprietor himself, the writer, Mr. Malcolm Thomson, said:

> As soon as the man's political faith is analysed, it becomes clear that he could not propose anything else. For he has only one purpose, which expresses itself in economics, social policy and foreign affairs. That purpose is—the Empire, its greatness, glory, and strength. . . . Lord Beaverbrook cannot change his tune. He cannot change it because it is the only tune he knows.

But he seems to be trying to learn a new tune all the same.

* * *

Der Wiener Tag of October 27th had an interesting comment by a very reputable journalist on the chorus of praise that has been lavished on Carson by the patriots and constitutionalists. The writer describes a visit to Ulster in 1913 when he heard Carson shouting at a great meeting that "Ulster will fight, Ulster will be right." He continues:

> The Sunday after a great meeting I visited Captain Craig in his beautiful country-manor near Belfast. . . . Carson was his guest. . . I looked at him while he was talking. . . . There he stood, the man of strict law, and talked high treason quite openly: "If England leaves us Irish loyalists in the lurch, we will join with Germany."

Did Carson really mean to go as far as this? He was a sincere and fanatical Ulster loyalist, and we know that the guns he imported came from Germany. I wonder if there is substantial evidence, apart from this memory of a private conversation, that Carson seriously envisaged fighting with Germany against Great Britain?

* * *

The *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition at Dorland Hall, arranged jointly with the National Book Council, is this year even larger and more interesting. Every process through which a book passes is represented from the type-setting and binding to the reviews which appear in the weekly papers. The object of the Exhibition is to increase the public appetite for books, but the spectacle of seventy-four stands groaning under the weight of countless volumes is rather overwhelming. As it is difficult to make a large assortment of books look in any way decorative, would it not have been wiser to arrange them according to their subject matter? The pleasantest stands to look at are those of Faber and Faber, the Hogarth Press, and Cobden Sanderson. Chatto and Windus, Peter Davies, Longmans, John Murray and Allen and Unwin also all have good-looking stalls. The Curwen Press exhibit on the ground floor is one of the most attractive in the show and Mr. John Farleigh's *montage* decorations of the entrance hall are outstandingly good. The most popular feature of the Exhibition will no doubt be the collection of "libraries" on special subjects chosen by experts, books on Architecture chosen by Sir Edwin Lutyens, for instance, on Cookery by Marcel Boulestin, on Design by Geoffrey Boumphrey, on Psychology, Philosophy and Modern Religious Thought by Dr. Streeter. Some of the choices are surprising and interesting for the light they throw on the selector. Mr. Herbert Read in a well-thought out collection of "Advance Guard" books includes Spengler and Mr. Ezra Pound's Essays; Mr. Harold Nicolson in an excellent collection of Biographies incomprehensibly picks from among the Victorians a very poor specimen, Stanley's *Arnold*. Mrs. St. Aubyn chooses as a children's book Stella Benson's *Tobit Transplanted*, a surprising and highly individual choice which I suppose must be the brilliant fruit of experience. I may add without undue modesty that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has an unusual and quite charming stall where, among other things, drawings by Low and Kapp are displayed in a variety of pleasing frames.

There are many stories of the ingenuity with which cryptic messages have revealed to their recipients an anxiously awaited fact. The most famous is that sent after the capture of Scinde by Sir Charles Napier—the single word "Peccavi." Lately the correspondent in Abyssinia of a daily paper found a potential scoop, crept down to the telegraph office, and sent the news off in dog Latin. He was rewarded, I am told, with a curt cable telling him not to write incomprehensible highbrow nonsense.

CRITIC

CABINET UNITY

Said the Ministers all in a row
"We have nothing to hide, as you know."
That they 've nothing to hide
May be matter for pride,
But not that they've nothing to show!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. R. R. Pedley.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

But the Socialists are looking for a leader, and in this I think I can help them. Let them choose one who is nearest and closest to their ideal, namely Judas Iscariot. He sacrificed our Lord for silver, why should not his descendants sacrifice our brothers for seats? —Viscount Castlerosse in *Daily Express.*

A last minute nomination at Walsall was that of Mr. J. W. Harper, a local man who described himself in his original nomination paper as "an honest politician." The returning officer refused this description and Mr. Harper amended it to: "politician." In his election address Mr. Harper says: "My slick, unorthodox, and determined methods will enable me to overcome all obstacles quickly to reach the position of Prime Minister of England so that I can create the heavenly state which all English men and women desire and deserve."—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

It is not altogether easy for anyone, even for a king restored to his throne, to give up the life of an English gentleman.—*Evening News.*

The answer to Mr. Rawlings's second question is that there is no such certainty of ruthless violence as he asserts; the last war was exceptional.—Letter in *Church Times,* by Rev. Canon H. L. Goudge.

"Armaments are a check on war—a much greater check than the League of Nations," said Adml. Sir Reginald Bacon. "It is, of course, an utter fallacy that an armament firm wants war. It does not make more money during a war than a dozen or more general trading concerns."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Lady Alice's wedding dress will be placed in the exhibition after the wedding. It will be displayed in the glass case from the Natural History Museum which ordinarily contains the skeleton of King Edward's racehorse Persimmon.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A man remanded by the Epsom justices yesterday objected to being sent to Brixton Prison. Pointing to his clothes, he declared that all the men remanded at Brixton were well dressed and he would be ashamed to go there.—*Daily Telegraph.*

"It seems to me that anyone who has visited a nudist camp has forfeited the right to be called a gentleman or a lady," declared the Bishop of Ely, Dr. B. O. F. Heywood.—*Daily Mail.*

My plight is, alas, worse than that of your correspondent, for, instead of the £800 odd a year in which he luxuriates, I cannot lay hands on more than £500, and that in this country spells mere existence, if that.—Letter to the *Times.*

VICTORY DAY IN SOUTH TYROL

[From a Correspondent in the Italian Tyrol.]

ON November 4th the Italians celebrate the end of the last war. "Victory Day" they call it, for them perhaps a wiser phrase than Armistice Day, since in 1918 they failed to observe the armistice which the Austrians had accepted. Anyone with friends in Austria will know of Austrians who were consequently kept prisoners in Italy for many months after November, 1918. This year Victory Day has of course been celebrated more emphatically than ever. In the *Giornale d'Italia* appeared an interesting array of exhortations from Mussolini to the women of Italy. He requires them, *inter alia,* to offer "la dolcezza infinita e la serenita assoluta per vincere la disperazione della partenza," "rigida disciplina economica," and "nuove maternità ottimista." ("Optimistic maternity" is good.) The *Corriere della Sera* had a leading article headed "We Shall Resist." The gist of it was that the Italians generously died in the Great War out of loyalty towards the peoples who to-day repudiate the sacrifice. Sanctions were everywhere bravely welcomed; they provided, at any rate, a satisfactory explanation for the immediate reduction of the railway services on many of the local lines, which in Italy are invariably overcrowded as it is.

By chance I crossed from Innsbruck to Bolzano in time to witness Victory Day in South Tyrol. The staff in the restaurant was Italian, and before we had crossed the Brenner frontier the head-waiter had made short work of his only customer—me. He was Milanese and his manners were charming. With an engaging smile, and the smoothest suavity, he assured me that England would soon be at war with Italy. He described enthusiastically how the Milanese students had burnt Eden in effigy. "As for your fleet," he said, "we can destroy that in no time from the air, and we shall blot London out; there will be nothing left of it but bare fields. Of course we may have to fight the whole world, but we shall never yield an inch—to the last child we are determined. Our organisation is perfect. I have my papers and I am ready to go. I fought all through the last war too. Besides, Germany will soon come in on our side."

"Are you sure that she will?" I dared to ask.

"Oh, there is no doubt about that," he said. "After all, all this League business is nothing but a Communist conspiracy against Fascism, and Germany will not sit still while the Communists destroy us, for she knows far too well that her turn will come next."

"But supposing Germany wants this as the price of supporting you," I said, pointing to the Brenner frontier.

"Oh, well," he said, "she will have to have it. But you understand that we are quite determined. Yes, it is all very terrible, but for our children it will be better. And of course I mean nothing personal," with a nice little bow, "but this is just how we all think."

There was no flicker of bluff about this man, at any rate; Fascist propaganda had done its work well. I told him I had heard enough horrors now, and he said goodbye with the kindest smile. I left him with a mixture of feelings, among them involuntary admiration for the graceful technique of southern, as contrasted with northern, chauvinists. Back in my own compartment I rashly asked an Austrian what he thought about all this fighting; he looked furtively up and down the corridor, made some magnificent gestures implying that it was all stuff and nonsense, then whispered hoarsely, "If only Mussolini would not *talk* so much."

In Bolzano the people were parading in all their categories. The most horrifying sight—and most of the parents looked even more horrified than I felt—was that of the very little boys in their black and white uniforms, one or two with toy military cloaks, learning not to run, but to march, before they could walk. They were being dragooned by fierce-looking girls

in their later teens, who also wore military cloaks and shouted at the children in the best N.C.O. manner.

The German-speaking people sullenly took off their hats as the processions passed to celebrate the bondage of Bozen and the South Tyrol. The columns of marchers paraded in the central square, the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele III. This is the famous Waltherplatz where the gentle and delightful statue of the old South German poet, Walther von der Vogelweide, stood so long. The Fascists had stormed against this German symbol for years; at last, in the spring of this year they removed it as an obstacle to traffic. It was announced that a statute of Drusus was to stand in Walther's place, for Drusus, it seemed, would not interfere with the traffic. But even Fascists are sometimes ashamed, and the piazza is bare of statues to-day. Even a man who spoke German with difficulty involuntarily referred to the Waltherplatz when he told me my way to somewhere.

The statue of Walther was a symbol indeed, a symbol for the naturally sweet and gentle character of the South Tyrolese. The removal of the statue is symbolic too, for it represents the destruction of the way of life of these people. Their children may only learn in Italian; in their own language they are mostly compelled to be illiterate. It was promised to Dollfuss that the private teaching of German should in future be allowed; in practice only a handful of children have been affected out of the 30,000 children of school age. More recently there was talk of the Italian authorities supplying German instruction, but no one expects the talk to materialise, if only because the teachers would be lacking. The houses in Bozen may not look too Austrian; the tombstones may not be inscribed in German.

When Mussolini launched his Abyssinian war it was announced that the South Tyrolese were about to be treated with overwhelming generosity. Some sixty or seventy political prisoners were indeed released, but they were mostly young men and called up quickly for active service. This fighting for their oppressor in a war of oppression is filling the South Tyrolese with anguish. About a thousand of them have escaped into Austria and Germany; in both countries they have mostly been allowed to stay. The South Tyrolese detest dictators, but at any rate Hitler speaks their language and distance lends enchantment. Nothing can be worse than what they have had to put up with, they say, and most of the young men are certainly Nazis. It was said that there was open fighting at the time the Vogelweide statue was removed, though actually the only violence occurred at the time of the plebiscite in the Saar. Like so many victims of post-war oppression in Europe, the South Tyrolese long for a general war which shall bring liberation at last. If Italy agrees to the *Anschluss*, will she also give the Brenner away, or will she be prepared to fight to retain it?

BOLZANO,
Nov. 4, 1935.

ROWDIES

STORIES of rowdy scenes at political meetings seem to be scarcer than usual during the present election campaign. Whether this means that the electors are becoming more intelligent or merely that they cannot feel wildly excited at the thought that one party or the other will get into power, I do not know. Whatever may be the explanation, I have reached an age at which I am glad to know of a decrease of rowdyism. I am at one with all those old gentlemen who speak of scenes at public meetings as "deplorable," "scandalous," "outrageous," or even as "organised ruffianism." I cannot at my time of life endure ruffianism and I hold that it ought to be put down. And by "ruffianism" I mean anything from the throwing of a well-aimed tomato to the behaviour of an interrupter with a squeaking voice at the back of the hall who keeps on shouting "Question!"

Yet, it must be admitted, there is a very pleasant side to ruffianism. There are few happier experiences than to be one of a crowd of ruffians bawling at the top of their voices at a speaker who is trying to interest them in the fate of their country. It is not necessary to bawl insults at him—though insults are not to be despised: one is perfectly happy if one merely bawls. We hear a good deal nowadays about the pleasures of community-singing, but the pleasures of community-singing are nothing in comparison with the pleasures of community-bawling. I do not think I have ever enjoyed any public meeting or theatrical performance more than those in which scarcely a word from the platform or the stage was audible. Even at school, how exhilarating it was to be in a class in which, owing to the laxity of the master's discipline, it was possible to maintain a constant uproar and to throw things either at one's fellow-schoolboys or even at the master himself. Not that I even bawled or threw things to any great extent; but I enjoyed being among those who did. In the opinion of many people, including myself, this bullying of weak masters is cowardly; for the schoolboy always chooses as his butt, not the grim, steely-eyed tyrant of the school, but some shy stranger who is acting as substitute for a master who is absent through illness. Cowardly though it is, however, it makes the boys extraordinarily happy. And I think that nine-tenths of this happiness is due, not to the bullying, but to the bawling.

Many people say that rowdyism is unintelligent, but this can scarcely be so, since it has always been particularly associated with seats of learning. The finest exponents of the art of ragging have been young men brought up under the civilizing influences of Plato and Virgil—at least, they are supposed to have heard of Plato and Virgil. Every university, indeed, has its outbursts of rowdyism. At Edinburgh and Glasgow, during a rectorial election, clergymen and doctors and lawyers in the making assault each other with bags of flour and insults. The clergymen-to-be take a night off from peace and goodwill. The doctors-to-be forget all about the art of healing in order for the time being to practise the art of wounding. The lawyers temporarily become advocates of lynch-law. The passion for rowdyism has them in its grip. I deplore this as you do, and, like you, I maintain that it ought to be stopped. But unquestionably the young men enjoy it. When I myself was studying the classics we possessed no such outlet for political ruffianism; but we had an annual students' night at the theatre when we hired the whole gallery and created such uproar as we could. As a rule, we confined the uproar to the intervals and listened to the play in courteous silence. But I remember one occasion on which the violent and prolonged tumult actually increased after the rise of the curtain—on which eggs fell and were smashed on the stage, and a whiskey-bottle was sent down a wire as a bouquet and broke into splinters amid yells as of savages. In vain did the comedian attempt to utter his "gags." Before he had opened his mouth the applause and the bawling were so tempestuous that a bull of Bashan could not have made himself heard against them. Songs were sung from the stage, or rather they were grimaced, for we could not hear a word of them, and, by the time the play was half over, the manager had the curtain lowered and refused to go on with the performance. That, we agreed afterwards, was a scandalous affair. We told each other that the rowdyism was the work, not of students but of strangers, interlopers, who did not know how to behave themselves. We went to the theatre in order to make a noise, but not such a noise. The worst of ruffianism is that some of the ruffians nearly always go too far. It has often been noticed in London on boat-race night. Ruffianism should always aim at being an addition to the evening's entertainment, and should never make the rest of the evening's entertainment inaudible. How often do ruffians forget this!

On the whole, I think, ruffianism is even more enjoyable when one is not one of the ruffians oneself, but is merely a spectator. I remember, many years ago, enjoying immensely a play during which my neighbours in the gallery kept up such a clamour that I could hear only an occasional sentence from the stage. The odd thing was that the audience was mainly

in sympathy with the play, but it was so excited about the Boer War that it turned the occasion into a political demonstration. A fat and ragged newsboy sitting near me, unable to control his feelings, kept shouting at intervals "Hell roast the Queen!" and his counterpart on the far side of the gallery would reply with "Three cheers for the Boers!" which would be heartily given by all the boy politicians present. A man beside me, who wanted to hear the play, said disgustedly: "Ach, they have no sense!" and I agreed with him. But, as the play was no masterpiece, I preferred the acting of the audience to the acting of the professional players. No harm was done, and at the end of the evening everybody was all the better for a course of vigorous lung-exercises.

To-day my pleasure in rowdyism would probably be spoiled by my sympathy with the frustrated actors. I become more and more a man of peace, a hater of scenes, the sort of person who writes to the papers over the signature "Fair Play." Yet, when I find myself condemning the exuberance of youth, I sometimes wonder whether it is fair that one who once himself lived in an Arcadia of rowdyism should deny the same delights to a later generation. Even in my earliest years, however, I enjoyed only pacific forms of ruffianism. Mine was never the joy of storming platforms, of breaking chairs, of throwing vegetables. What I liked was to sit and watch people with bulging eyes who were yelling inarticulately at a speaker with a red face who was doing his best to yell them down. Insults about whiskers and beards were at that time much to my taste. "Hi, mister, will you give us a swing on your beard?" seemed a natural and witty way in which to greet a solemn, long-bearded politician stepping to the front of the platform to address the audience. Pleasant, too, it must have been to be at the election meeting at which the Lord Mayor introduced the Conservative candidate, commending him incidentally on the ground that he was an Oxford scholar, whereupon a member of the audience interrupted with the question: "Was it at Oxford that he got thon red nose?" The wit of interrupters may not be elegant, but it gives great pleasure to the audience.

With the recent growth of intolerance, however, the life of the interrupter is less smooth than it used to be. At the famous Fascist meeting at Olympia, indeed, the interrupter was treated, not as a wit, but as a criminal. Instead of being regarded as an inquirer to be converted, he was looked on as an enemy to be forcibly ejected. Yet the speakers of old welcomed interrupters, because the man on the platform is usually at least twice as clever as the man in the audience and can score off him even in an exchange of insults about personal appearances. Scottish politicians, I suspect, pay members of the audience to heckle them in order that they may have a chance of crushing them with a series of brilliant retorts.

This, however, is somewhat different from an organised attempt to shout down a speaker, which the speaker cannot be expected to enjoy nearly so much as the audience. But even here, the speaker should be content to know that the people who cannot hear him are perfectly happy, and will go home with pleasant memories of an evening in his company. Some of them may vote for him because they enjoyed the rowdyism; others will vote for him because they hated it. At the same time, I agree that rowdyism must be suppressed with a firm hand. Free speech must be preserved. People who want to shout for an hour or more without stopping, ought to go to football matches and not to political meetings. Football, it seems to me, plays a particularly useful part in a democracy by enabling the citizens to exercise their lung-power outside the political arena. If it were not for football all the love of shouting and uproar would be concentrated on political meetings, and no candidate for Parliament could get a hearing outside a cathedral city. For man was born to shout. He feels most alive when he is shouting loudest. Cheering or bellowing insults and interruptions, he is as happy as a snowballing schoolboy. It is all very deplorable, but it used to be rather amusing.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

REARMAMENT

SIR,—In my article on the "Alternative to Rearmament" I urged your readers to insist that air defence expenditure be confined to measures which can reduce the effects of air attacks but cannot threaten other nations. Against this, Mr. A. F. W. Hughes, on behalf of the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group, opposes all passive defence measures.

His main objection is that passive defence means military discipline for the civilian population in peace time, inducing a war mentality and, at the same time, a false sense of security. But is not this also true of rearmament, which in addition menaces other nations, provoking them to reply with a similar menace? If I am presented with these two alternatives—passive defence or rearmament—I shall at once choose passive defence, because it is by far the less apt to cause an uncontrollable war fever, and it does leave us a chance of slowing down the armaments race and putting the abolition of national air forces on the map once more.

But passive defence measures are very various, and we ought to oppose some and support others. "Black-outs," for example, should be opposed; for, while they are bound to induce a war mentality, they are not likely to keep the bombers away but only to make the bombing indiscriminate. (Of the elaborate Berlin black-out of March 19th–20th the *Times* Berlin correspondent wrote that "judging from a height of some 4,000 feet the impression was gained that only indiscriminate bombing would have been possible"). Again, many of the anti-gas measures suggested by the Home Office Air Raid Precautions Department are likely to be of a very limited effectiveness and only available to people with money to spare. But none of this applies to the main measure I proposed—the storage of food in large quantities in all parts of the country.

As for the organised evacuation of great cities, the *Temps* of January 13th stated that "instantaneous evacuation remains the great method of defence against aircraft"; and by the end of March the Paris Municipal Council and the Council General of the Seine had already begun the organisation of main arteries for the evacuation of Paris.

But I don't want to lead people to exaggerate the effectiveness of passive defence. "Shelters or exodus," confessed the air correspondent of the *Observer* (March 17th, 1935), "could not be provided even for 10 per cent. of the people of London." No defences, passive or active, can guarantee immunity against crushing air attacks to the direct victims. But certain measures, which cannot threaten other countries, can prevent the results of an air attack from reaching hundreds of thousands of people who are not direct victims. There is some partial security in these measures, but in rearmament there is additional danger. Will not the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group turn its energies from disparaging all passive defence measures and, instead, help to oppose potentially aggressive rearmament?

Mr. B. A. Young's letter can be answered quite shortly. First: yes, I think private aviation should be strictly controlled or even abolished while it is still only a rich man's hobby. Clearly, if it is an obstacle to the abolition of national air forces—and the Government says it is—it must go. Secondly: Herr Hitler is to be trusted probably neither more nor less than other Governments; but it is obviously in Germany's interest, as it is in ours, that all national bomber fleets be abolished. Why not then try hard to get them abolished? What tolerable alternative is there?

18 Gordon Square, W.C.1. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

ETHICS AND ARMAMENTS

SIR,—In this materialistic age it is most refreshing to read a pronouncement upon a fundamental philosophical question sponsored by a great statesman. This morning I received a free copy of *Working for Peace*, with a foreword by the Prime Minister. On pages 28 and 29, dealing with the armament industry, I read: "No one should ignore or minimise the strength of the feeling against Private Manufacture. It is, in the main, not based on reason. It is ethical."

During my youth several teachers whom I then respected attempted to persuade me that ethics were based on reason. They were not completely successful, and I am now glad to learn that my doubts on this question are so fully endorsed by Mr. Baldwin.

May I trust that the lead given by him will be followed up?

There is still an urgent need for economy. Money is needed, not merely for rearmament, but for such vital necessities as the compensation of slum landlords. May I suggest that some of this might be found by the abolition of the chairs of Moral Philosophy which still exist in too many of our Universities, and particularly by the liquidation of the Moral Sciences Tripos at Cambridge? And in the cultural field may we not hope for an official pronouncement against such crypto-Marxist philosophers as Thomas Aquinas and Immanuel Kant, who openly suggested that ethics and reason were in some way connected? J. B. S. HALDANE

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PROPAGANDA METHODS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. R. Fletcher's letter, "Propaganda Methods," in your issue of November 2nd, and to your editorial note thereon, our attention was drawn, after only a few appeals had been printed, to the regrettable oversight in our using one of our regular "panels." This contained certain names which, but for the abnormal pressure of work consequent on the election, would certainly not have appeared in such a document.

We immediately stopped sending out the appeal as first printed and had the names removed, as will be seen by the enclosed copy of subsequent issues.

We hope, in view of the above explanation and knowing, as you will, how such a mistake is liable to occur in rush printing, we may be absolved from any suspicion of intentionally using these names for political capital. REGINALD WILSON

General Secretary

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FOREIGN INFLUENCE IN GREECE

SIR,—Your correspondent in Greece gives a picturesque description, in your issue of October 26, of the struggle between Royalists and Republicans, but he might well have made some reference to Italian and anti-Italian intrigues in the Balkans, and their influence on Greek internal politics.

After the failure of the March revolution, M. Venizelos and other Republican leaders fled to Rhodes, in the Italian Dodecanese. Shortly afterwards M. Venizelos gave the famous interview in which he is reported to have said: "I should like to kill the idea that I was ever in league with either Italy or Bulgaria. Italy let me down." (*Manchester Guardian*, April 26th, 1935). Had M. Venizelos wished to admit his well-known friendship for the Italian Government, he could scarcely have done so more frankly.

Both Italy and M. Venizelos, or in other words Italy and the Greek Republicans, are hostile to the Balkan Pact, which they desire to replace by an alliance between Italy, Greece and Bulgaria. The other members of the Balkan Pact—Jugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey—therefore prefer, not unnaturally, a Royalist to a Republican Government in Greece. The question became of the first importance to them when Mussolini's designs on Abyssinia forced him to attempt to threaten and blackmail Greece into neutrality in the case of League action. During the months of August and September, as the daily press reported, Italian gunboats, destroyers and torpedo-boats put in at Greek ports without permission, and an Italian seaplane arrived off Corfu. At the same time Italy was concentrating men and war-material in the Dodecanese, completely ignoring Greek protests in Rome.

The Greek press then began to publish tentative paragraphs stating that it was expected that if sanctions were to be applied the Greek Government would remain neutral. This was too much for the remaining Balkan Pact countries, especially as there was still a slight chance that the plebiscite might go in favour of the Republicans. Whatever the faults of a Royalist Government, it could at least be relied upon to be anti-Italian, and it seems more than likely that the Kondylis *Putsch* was an answer to representations from Greece's Balkan allies. Shortly before it happened their Ministers in Athens went to the Greek Foreign Office to inquire what Greek policy on sanctions was to be. Immediately afterwards, Ismet Pasha, M. Stoyadinovitch and M. Titulescu sent congratulatory telegrams to General Kondylis, and the Belgrade semi-official *Vreme* published this leading article:

> It is thought in Jugoslavia that the change of regime has consolidated the Greek situation. . . . We firmly believe that M. Kondylis' action will serve Greece, and preserve it from the dangers which a small organised minority might provoke. Jugoslavia, as a neighbour, follows events in Greece with much interest and some sentiment, for at the head of the movement stands General Kondylis, who has been for long the friend of our country. . . . He is for us the guarantee of complete solidarity between Greece and Jugoslavia in the spirit of the Balkan Pact. (October 16th, 1935).

In considering the Greek situation it is well to remember also (1) the marriage of the Duke of Kent to Princess Marina of Greece; (2) the visit of M. Tsaldaris, the then Prime Minister, to Prince Paul of Jugoslavia at Bled when the Duke and Duchess of Kent were on holiday there; (3) the free passage granted by the Greek Government to British aircraft recently, on their way to Egypt.

It seems, therefore, slightly misleading to interpret Greek politics as merely an internal struggle between Royalists and Republicans. JOAN CREYKE

18 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

MENTAL TREATMENT

SIR,—In the correspondence which has appeared in your columns on the subject of the treatment of mental illness, attention has been drawn to conditions prevailing inside the hospitals.

Mental disorder cannot, however, be regarded solely as a medical problem, either from the standpoint of prevention or cure. The procedure which is necessary to protect both the welfare of the individual and the security of the community is always dependent upon the patient's adaptability to social circumstances. It is therefore of the greatest possible importance that those who are responsible for admitting patients, either with or without their consent, should be fully informed as to the history of their illness and the social conditions which may have contributed towards it. It is equally important from the standpoint of treatment that the psychiatrist should have some means of keeping in close touch with the particular social life to which many of the patients may be expected to return.

An increasing number of the local authorities are recognising this need and are employing social workers trained in psychiatry in their Observation Wards, Mental Hospitals and Out-patient Clinics. This is a relatively new branch of social service for which, through the generosity of the Commonwealth Fund, training has been established at the London School of Economics.

S. CLEMENT BROWN

SIR,—Miss Phyllis Bottome in her letter on Mental Treatment seems to be suffering from the common misapprehension that the words sanity and insanity are medical terms, rather than convenient labels popularly used to differentiate between those confined in mental hospitals and those not so confined.

Her whole letter resembles her recent novel *Private Worlds* in being full of the usual errors made by laymen who write of psychiatric matters, and in over-sentimentalising the points under discussion. Her train of thought is at times difficult to follow. She seems to regret "wrongful incarceration of the insane" (is this a misprint for "of the sane?"), and also to deplore the fact that many mental cases escape incarceration, to be a menace at home to themselves and those around them.

Writing from fifteen years of psychiatric experience I am bound to say that I think the safeguards offered by the law are sufficient, and that, in fact, wrongful incarceration of the sane is so rare as to be negligible. Certification on grounds of mental disorder in the last resort depends on questions of behaviour. Very many persons who arrive in Mental Observation Wards, and are without any doubt certifiable, are allowed to return home because their conduct is not likely to be a menace to anyone.

It appears to be tacitly implied in Miss Bottome's letter that the words "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" are written up on the doors of all Mental Hospitals, as institution psychiatrists prefer them to be called. The word "asylum" is deprecated, not because of its etymological implications, but because of the stigma attached to it in the public mind. It is, however, a fact that patients do recover in mental hospitals, and the recovery-rate, though admittedly not so high as one would wish (it varies between 30 and 45 per cent. of the actual admissions), compares favourably with that in many other branches of medicine. The trouble is that the poor psychiatrist has to keep his failures with him till they die, whilst his colleagues in other specialities get rid of theirs to public hospitals, to homes for the incurable, or else return them to their homes to die because of unavoidable "pressure on beds."

In my opinion the most important problem facing the psychiatrist is the education of the public, and, to a lesser degree, of the general practitioner. They must be brought to learn that mental

disorders are diseases and not disgraces. In view of the heavy overload of unconscious guilt that most of us carry, this will be no easy task, but it is likely to do more good than ignorant girding at systems.

To deal seriatim with the cases that Miss Bottome quotes: Dr. Adler's case seems to be an example of that well-known psychiatrist's therapeutic skill, rather than of wrongful certification. As for the "old lady in a poisoned condition," she was presumably suffering from a "Toxic Psychosis," and must have been for a short time certifiable as insane, or else suitable for Temporary Treatment under the Act of 1930. The fact that her daughter was able to afford private treatment does not alter these conclusions, and it is surely both unkind and untrue to suggest that had she entered an "asylum" she would have remained as a permanent inmate.

With Miss Bottome's plea for greater facilities for time and skill in the examination of patients during the time of observation, few psychiatrists will disagree. Larger staffs, both medical and nursing, are certainly required to bring conditions in this country up to the best standards on the Continent and in America. The remedy lies in the hands of the public.

Her proposal for a mental hospital to be used solely for purposes of observation, and to replace presumably the present observation wards is open to a number of objections. It would be uneconomical, redundant, and would necessitate an alteration in the existing law if it were to function as she wishes. Moreover, the framing of regulations for the "compulsory transfer to another hospital for treatment" would entail certification as at present, and would differ in no way from the existing system.

One appreciates Miss Bottome's evident sympathy with the mentally disordered, but is it unkind to suggest that her knowledge of present conditions is imperfect, and that her suggestions for improvements are inadequately thought out and wholly impracticable?

M.D., D.P.M.

THE PAPACY AND ITALY

SIR,—I cannot but feel that Jocelyn Toynbee has failed to give very illuminating answers to the four questions raised in my letter which appears in your issue of October 26th. To take her points in order:

(1) If the Holy See "is blaming no one for its non-membership of the League," what exactly is the point of the Archbishop's reference to the fact that Italy objected to the extension of an invitation to the Holy See to join the League at the time of its foundation? And why, indeed, was it necessary for the Papacy, through the Archbishop—any more than for the Republic of San Marino—to explain why it has no grounds for political intervention in the present issue? Who said it has? Surely what has been invoked is its moral intervention.

(2) If the Church's intervention in the field of morals is to be restricted to the infallible enunciation of such propositions as that "unjust wars are wrong," it doesn't seem to amount to very much. I imagine that the infallibility of that statement is as undisputed by everyone, Catholic or non-Catholic, theist or atheist, as that of the parallel proposition "Bad eggs are unwholesome." The inability of the consumer of a particular egg, owing to some pathological insensibility of his sense-organs, to perceive its badness, would not absolve him from the gastric consequences of eating it, though he might trust his palate and nose in all good faith; and if there were on the opposite side of the table an infallible authority on ovoid questions, it would hardly seem very useful for that authority to pronounce *ex cathedra*, that bad eggs are unwholesome. The question, and the only question, is: Is a given egg bad?

If this is a question which, in the Catholic view, is one on which the Pope can only refer us to the League for an opinion, it seems to me, in spite of Miss Toynbee, that the League has more utility, if not more infallibility, than the Papacy.

In theological matters, where the claim to infallibility also operates, the Holy See has defined not merely that Immaculate Conception has occurred, but that one particular Conception was in fact immaculate. Does not the parallel hold? Is not the utility of infallible statements more or less in inverse proportion to their generality?

(3) Miss Toynbee has failed to appreciate my question. The Archbishop gave, as a reason for the Papacy refraining from the condemnation of Italy, the fear that this would place a grievous burden on the consciences of many Italians. That means, presumably, that many Italians might find their conscience and their duty to the Church at variance. But is it not possible for a Catholic to be informed by a misguided conscience that birth control is not morally wrong, yet to accept the ruling of the Church on the subject? If he should follow his conscience in the matter of a war denounced by the Church, why not equally in the other case? If in the matter of birth control he should not, why "place a grievous burden on his conscience" by denouncing birth control?

(4) I presume that Miss Toynbee means that the Church's liberty would "certainly be less," not "certainly not be less," in Italy under Communism or anti-clerical liberalism. It may well be so. But has the Church no other interests than her "liberty" to consider? If there is need to make a choice between her liberty and her power of proclaiming righteousness, is it so certain that her liberty must come first? Liberty of conscience, after all, no man can take away; liberty of action it is sometimes no dishonour to lose. As Miss Toynbee heard at Mass this morning—*beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam, quoniam ipsorum est regnum caelorum.*

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[In regard to point (4) Miss Toynbee asks us to correct a printer's error in her last paragraph. As printed the sentence read "a measure of liberty of conscience and liberty of action which would certainly not be *less* were Communism, etc. . . . to come into power." This should have read "which would certainly not be *hers*. . . ."—ED *N.S. & N.*]

FLORA

SIR,—I owe an apology to your readers for a conglomeration of errors in the note I wrote last week on Arnold Bennett's play *Flora*, with which the Covent Garden Club opened, and incidentally one to Miss Barbara Everest for suggesting that managers should keep their eyes on her for young generation parts—just after she had made a hit as Queen Anne too! Perhaps it was the festive air of that Club which combined so happily the enterprise of dramatic production, with social amenities, that was responsible for my firm conviction that the girl in it was called "Flora"; with the consequence that I praised Miss Everest for possessing every quality proper to the part of a young girl and Miss Eva Robere for excelling in the part of her own mother. I beg the two ladies to exchange compliments and your readers' pardon.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

BYRON

SIR,—Mr. Quennell's strictures are justified, since I failed to make my meaning clear. It never entered my head that anyone, interested in the subject, could suppose that incest was the *publicly* avowed cause of the separation. What I had in mind was that document, drawn up by Dr. Lushington, and held over Byron *in terrorem*. This has never been published, and the exact nature of its contents has long been matter for discussion; since here presumably we have those grounds for separation, avowed by Lady Byron and her family, the publication of which Byron was not prepared to face. What I wished to indicate was that, thanks to Mr. Quennell's lucid exposition of the facts, I thought we might now "presume" that the cause "avowed" in this, the essential document, was incest, and not, as Lord Holland seems to have supposed, a certain waywardness in Lord Byron's intimate habits.

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CLIVE BELL

SPEED

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Scholderer that in road accidents where the "impact speed" is low, the speed may conceivably have been culpably high shortly before the impact. But the fact remains that all official analyses of traffic casualties published here or in Ireland agree that absolute high speed is rarely responsible for injuries or death. This is, of course, a police opinion; in every case it is the police who furnish the data for the estimates of speed; and the police are not normally inclined to under-estimate speed.

Colonel Mervyn O'Gorman points out in a recent essay that under the old speed limits the number of fatal accidents in which some motor vehicle was involved, rose annually to peak in 1930 at 6,222. During the next four years in the absence of a speed limit the total dropped, and never exceeded 5,765, although

during this quadrennium the number of registered motors increased by 200,000 or nearly 10 per cent. Moreover, during the same quadrennium the number of fatal road accidents in which no motor vehicles were involved, increased by over 50 per cent.! These are very curious figures, which have never been satisfactorily analysed; but at least they suggest that legalised speed is not necessarily and intrinsically dangerous.

I think the latest Ministry of Transport suggestion that "confusion" is the key to the problem, and that it should be dealt with by attempts to "de-confuse" (or to introduce more orderliness) deserves very respectful consideration.

R. E. DAVIDSON

CARSON'S RESPONSIBILITY

SIR,—You have published an interesting letter concerning the late Lord Carson, who has already begun to trouble the historians as the first prototype of the modern dictators in Europe. An interesting historical point is what really happened at the Buckingham Palace Conference on the Irish Question which was caught by the outbreak of the Great War. I was so curious myself for the sake of future historians that two years ago I ventured to take a journey to ask Lord Carson what had passed between him and John Redmond. With great kindness he told me that he had offered him Home Rule for Ireland with the whole of Ulster out. In his opinion Redmond made a fatal mistake for himself. If he had consented to the exclusion of Ulster as a whole instead of the Six Counties as was brought about later, Ulster would long since have voted herself into the Free State. In such moments is history made.

SHANE LESLIE

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EUTHANASIA

SIR,—No doubt a great deal of euthanasia can be, and is, practised by doctors having the humane and rational attitude of mind described by Dr. Roberts, but is this a sufficient reason for not altering the law in spite of obvious dangers? For one thing should the relief of hopeless agony be left to the chance that the doctor attending the patient is of this mind? Many a man is wise in medicine, but a fool in ethics. Again, should the humane and rational physician go in peril of the law? And, most important of all, is existing euthanasia available *for the poor who die in our hospitals?*

I suggest that a compromise between *status quo* and the cumbersome proposals of the Voluntary Euthanasia Bill, would be to allow as a good defence against the charge of murder the plea that the homicide was carried out with the patient's consent by a disinterested medical man with the sole object of terminating incurable suffering.

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Miscellany

LORD CAMPBELL AND MR. CHARLES

"How did he (Lord Campbell) propose to define what was an 'obscene' publication?" Hansard then records that Lord Brougham went on to "remind his noble and learned Friend, that in the works of some of their most eminent poets there were some objectionable passages which, under this measure (Lord Campbell's Act) might cause them to be considered obscene publications."

Lord Campbell in his reply protested that "he had not the most distant contemplation of including in the Bill the class of works to which the noble and learned Lord referred. The measure was intended to apply exclusively to works written for the single purpose of corrupting the morals of youth, and of a nature calculated to shock the common feelings of decency in any well-regulated mind. Bales of publications of this description were manufactured in Paris and imported into this country. He was ready to make what was indictable under the present law a test of obscenity."

What was indictable under the law in 1857 was plain pornography—the smut for smut's sake which exists "to corrupt the morals of youth" and to satisfy the impotent, the autoerotic and the aged. No other kind of impropriety was indictable nor had in fact ever been indicted.

Lord Campbell's pledge allayed, at least in part, the fears of his opponents and the Bill was passed. But eleven years later, in 1868, Lord Cockburn did what Brougham and Lyndhurst had prophesied that some judge would infallibly do, and used the Campbell Act to condemn the author of a book with a serious, non-pornographic purpose, on the grounds that it contained passages of a nature to "deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences." Admirably vague and comprehensive definition of the obscene! For there is no influence to which some minds are not improperly open. Ernst and Seagle record the case of a young girl who was depraved and corrupted by Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. The mechanism of the Campbell Act is rarely set in motion. Which is lucky. For, having, like the British Constitution, broadened down from precedent to precedent, the Act is now an extraordinarily effective instrument of literary repression. It has become a net whose meshes are fine enough to catch anything. Here, for example, is a book like *The Well of Loneliness*—a book whose language is scrupulously chaste, but whose subject matter and general tendency are judged to be capable of "corrupting and depraving those whose minds are open to such immoral influences." *The Well of Loneliness* is suppressed.

In *Sleeveless Errand* vice is duly reprobated; the general tendency of the book is above reproach. But, in flagellating vice, the author has made use of objectionable language. *Sleeveless Errand* is suppressed. The law is now so elastic that what an author gains on the swings of his vocabulary, he loses on the roundabouts of his subject matter; and what he gains on his roundabouts, he loses on his swings.

But a contingency had been forgotten. The author might quote from a book, intrinsically obscene, but by some oversight not suppressed, and so corrupt and deprave at second hand. How was the Campbell Act to be interpreted in such a case? The question has recently been answered at the expense of Mr. Edward Charles, the author of a book called *The Sexual Impulse*. In ordering the suppression of this book, the magistrate cited in particular six objectionable passages. Three of these were from the pen of Mr. Charles himself. But the other three were quotations from books which had been in circulation for some years, and against which no objection had ever been raised. Of the three quotations to which the magistrate took objection, one was from Professor Malinowski, one was from Dr. Van de Velde, and the third, in rhyme, from a novel of my own. Fifty per cent. of Mr. Charles's guilt consisted in his having cited words written by other people and never stigmatised by the law as corrupting and depraving.

Of Mr. Charles's book I shall say no more than that, while disagreeing with some of his ideas and deploring, here and there, a certain sprightliness of manner, I think it remarkably original and intelligent. *The Sexual Impulse* is on the whole a good book; but even if it had been bad, the fact would not have affected the point at issue. "Hang him for his bad verses." But not even the most hysterical crowd has ever proposed that a poet should be hanged for other people's bad verses. The Campbell Act has been stretched so as to punish many offences which its author never intended it to punish; but this latest tweak at the elastic seems really too violent.

We possess at the present time considerable liberty to write about sexual matters; but this liberty is solely due to the fact that, for various reasons, the authorities are reluctant to make too frequent a use of the existing law. If they chose to use their legal powers, they could suppress about half the books that have ever been written. A state of things in which liberty depends on governmental slackness and inconsistency is highly unsatisfactory. It is time for some method to be introduced into the prevailing madness. We should

like to be told, for example, why *The Sexual Impulse* should be prosecuted and suppressed, while other books containing, in the case histories of perverts, material incomparably more "corrupting and depraving" than anything in Mr. Charles's book should be allowed to circulate without let or hindrance; we should like to know why Mr. Havelock Ellis's great work, suppressed a generation ago and never, so far as I am aware, officially de-suppressed, can now be sold by the booksellers; why Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* may be read only in a bowdlerised edition while, in *The Seven Pillars*, his namesake is licensed to broadcast the most vivid descriptions of sodomy and flagellation. We want to know on what principles the classics are spared; also how soon a book becomes a classic and after how many years of immunity the author of a book, originally thought to be unobjectionable, but later deemed corrupting, may be prosecuted. In a word, we want to know where we stand. There is a general belief that writers now live under a moderately liberal dispensation. But, though moderately liberal in practice, the dispensation is potentially (and for an unfortunate minority actually) very illiberal—and illiberal, to make it worse, with an illiberalism shrouded in obscurity and, owing to the hopeless vagueness of the law, completely arbitrary. We want to know, I repeat, where we stand. But I doubt very much whether the most learned lawyer could tell us.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE GREAT EVENT

BANG. Bang-bang, Bang, Bang-bang, Bang-bang, BANG, close under the windows. No, it is not a war, nor even a Fascist demonstration, but it is a great event none the less: the first large pheasant shoot of the year. For this the keepers and their underlings have been working since the early spring; for this scores of hens have reared unnaturally large families of unnatural offspring; for this the woods and coverts have been jealously guarded, lest village children, tempted by primroses and blue-bells, should trespass and so disturb sitting pheasants; for this numberless hawks, owls, jays, magpies, stoats, hedgehogs have been slaughtered, lest by chance they should prey on young pheasants or on pheasants' eggs. For this, special barley has been grown and strewed in the ear about the drives that the growing birds shall wax fat—and tame. And now the great apotheosis of these activities!

Half a dozen gentlemen have drawn up their expensive cars in front of the farm, they have taken out their sixty-guinea guns, which they hand to the under-keepers to carry for them, and have filled their cartridge bags to the full, and handed these also to their supporters; and now they have started the fun. There are plenty of birds, and they are nice and tame.

Two days ago I was walking through one of the coverts. The pheasants were scratching in tens and twenties amongst the bracken and strewn barley. As soon as they saw me they all came running, expecting their accustomed meal. They were like chickens, almost pecking at my boots. To-day at the end of the shoot, I asked the garden-boy how many had been killed. "A hundred brace," he said, and grinned. "Not to be wondered at. They put down five hundred tame ones this year." "Yes, I saw they were tame," I said. "Almost catch 'em with your hand," was his comment. I hoped he had caught one or two.

In the evening the dead birds were laid out on the green in front of the farm. In the long grass they made a shimmering bronze surface, which looked almost like the surface of water: a small sea of them. We all went out to look.

"Dear me, there do seem to be a lot, don't there, mam," said the woman who helps my wife with the housework. "But I suppose the gentlemen do like shooting them. Do you know, mam, they sits on little stools, and has their guns handed to them, and loaded for them too." "Do they really?" said my wife. "That's a funny sort of sport, I think." "So do I," said the woman, encouraged at this remark. "Just like a lot of babies."

For six months of the year the pheasant is in deed and truth the lord of the countryside. The woods are closed to the English men and women who live on the land, lest the pheasant and his mate should be disturbed. He is guarded and fed, and is like those legendary kings of the far past, who were both kings and gods, and ruled, surrounded by all honour and homage, till the fatal day, when still fulfilling the function of god, they were sacrificed. The ritual has degenerated, it is true, and the victim who is a foreigner, and a silly feather-brained creature at the best, for all his fine plumage, is one whom we can neither love nor respect. Indeed it is hard not to resent his harsh, strident cry, which till to-day has been so arrogant in its security.

Surely it is a shame and a crying shame that he should be so unquestioned a lord of the counties. It is a shame that this pampered foreigner should be the excuse for the extermination of native woodland creatures, and that men who engage in the magnificent sport of killing him should have the power to close the countryside for the best months of the year. A shame, too, that men, townsmen for the most part, should think it sport to shoot birds as tame as chickens, and be so pampered in their riches that they cannot carry their own guns.

This is no exaggerated picture. It is a plain picture of a degrading fact. It is the truth that what matters most in the country is the pheasant shooting. The farms—well, they can look after themselves, and the farmers can shoot the rabbits if they like. But the pheasant shooting . . . that is sacred. No one dare breathe against it. It is accepted, unquestioned, cringed before, and so severe are the penalties inflicted on pheasant-poachers by the gentlemen magistrates that there are very few left. The labourers may murmur a little, but they are careful to keep their remarks in a low breath; the women may shrug their shoulders and laugh softly in contempt at the gentlemen's sport, but nothing is said openly, and were I to put my name to this article I should run severe risk of being turned out of my farm.

COUNTRYMAN

RUTHERFORD & FRANCE, LTD.—PLAY-STEALERS

THIS has been a week of leading ladies; Miss Tempest, Miss Compton, Miss Thorndike, Miss Löhr, Miss Taylor, Miss Jeans (Ursula). But the interest of the two chief events has been to see whether Miss Dodie Smith has progressed at all or whether she is content to follow the formula that she has found paying in the past, and how Miss Tempest reacts to the methods of our most important young producer, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie. Miss Dodie Smith has not advanced. She may call it a day, but one more spring at the Globe would have drowned the Hilton family, lock, stock and barrel. The romantic episodes of all the members of the household, from father Hilton (Mr. Owen Nares) down to the terrier, who fell in love with the bull-dog at the corner house, promise well at the outset, but fail in dramatic quality, owing to Miss Smith's inability to get real emotion on to her stage. Mr. Nares' scene with his actress-client (Miss Valerie Taylor) is the best of these incidents, chiefly owing to the delightfully bewildered air with which Mr. Nares is slowly drawn into the vortex. Miss Taylor, perhaps owing to the fact that her lines were too near the truth to be pleasant, seemed ill at ease, but her natural vibrancy and the stage presence she has acquired in America carried her through her awkward little scene, but she must get over her self-consciousness. Neither Catherine (Miss Patricia Hilliard), confronting her painter-béguin (Mr. Austin Trevor) in an old-fashioned close-up, nor Mrs. Hilton (Miss Fay Compton), thrown by an accident into intimate relations with a tea-planter, nor Martin Hilton (Mr. Geoffrey Nares), coping unwittingly with a homosexual encounter in the family back-garden, come to life. Miss Smith is infinitely better at desire than at fulfilment. Miss Wilton's lovelorn typist is one of the most sharply drawn characters in the play, and I was delighted with her tale of how a man stopped his

car beside her in the Outer Circle, looked at her and then drove on. She joins the company of poor Mary Lamb, who walking by herself in a coal-scuttle bonnet was surprised by three young bucks, who rushed past her, peered under the vast brim, and murmuring "Extr'ornery ornery, by gum," dashed on.

It is, of course, Miss Smith's acute powers of observation of character and her kindly and humorous appreciation of the details of everyday life, that make her plays such good entertainment. No one can resist Cook's (Miss Muriel George) innocent deception with the hard and soft boiled eggs, or Mrs. Milsom's (Miss Phyllis Morris) discharge of broken meats at the feet of the head of the house or the wiles of Ann (Miss Alexis France) to borrow her father's bathroom. On Ann Miss Smith has lavished all her forces, and in this brilliant study of a *backfisch* the play touches its high watermark. Miss France, who I saw last as the little baggage Lennchen in Miss Helen Waddell's uneven play about the Abbé Prévost, gives the performance of her life and steals the play. Good sketches are given by Miss Marie Löhr as a Mrs. Hawksbee and Mr. Geoffrey Nares, who manages to infuse into Martin the charm, gaucherie and intolerance of eighteen. The play, of course, hinges on Miss Compton and Mr. Nares, Snr. Both can play parts like this on their heads, but Mr. Nares by his particular quality manages to make the passage of Cupid through the house almost credible, while Miss Compton will, I hope, take it as a very high compliment from one who has been an admirer since the days of his war-leave, when he went nightly to the Empire, if I say that she makes one feel how lucky every family would be to have such a mother. I particularly liked the charming scene when Ann is telling her how Catharine's painter-friend gave her a Rossetti sketch.

Where the emotional incidents just lack the spark to set them going, I think the producer has missed his opportunities in not emphasising the farcical side of the Hilton ménage, and I should like to see a Cupid on every set: a painting in the bedroom, a bronze in the sitting-room, a fountain in the gardens, dropping his "love-in-idleness" on the eyes of all the family.

Short Story is mainly a vehicle for Miss Tempest, though it has the unusual advantage of having a last act better than the rest. If Miss France steals the thunder at the Globe, Miss Rutherford, whose advent from the provinces in "Hervey House" I acclaimed in these columns, walks round the stars at the Queen's, and in her part of Miss Flower, the Miss Shoe of the village, brings a Rowlandsonesque vitality to the play, which translates it from its somewhat humdrum atmosphere to an occasion for a white stone. I can pay Miss Rutherford no greater tribute than to say that I met an extremely distinguished man of letters in the foyer after the second act, who said to me "Do you think Miss Flower will appear again in the last act," and his visible pleasure at the telephone scene in that act would have rewarded her, had she known, for the no doubt years of hard work she has put in in repertory. Miss Tempest, who is used to saying her lines and waiting for the effect that she knows they will produce, must have had a hard time with Mr. Guthrie's acute and expeditious methods, but no one of her calibre could fail, and the old trouper wins all the way down the line. Miss Thorndike, as a minor peeress of featherbrains from a provincial seat, has her first really comic part since *Advertising April*, but she gilds her Mersey lily too heavily and it is Miss Tempest, with the lifting of an eyebrow, who carries the day. Miss Ursula Jeans, quite unnecessarily cast as an American—it is not after all essential to be an American to buy a chaperone—talked through her nose too obviously, while I longed for Mr. Graham Browne's quiet methods as Miss Thorndike's husband. Mr. Matthews, as the flustered, sincere author, who tamed his tempest in the end, deserves a welcome back from his long exile in the States, but it is Miss Rutherford whom you must all go to see; it is as though, in a Zoffany conversation piece, Hogarth had suddenly taken it into his head to paint a figure.

LEIGH ASHTON

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My scenery
Is a battle
Between cattle
And greenery.

My wife eats only animal:
My children want to ban 'em all.
And she hoots
When they eat roots.

They make a fetish
Of crunching lettish,
And say it's caddish
To kill anything but radish.

The indescribable badgery
That goes on in this menagerie!
My dear wife's bad-smellery
About beetroot and celery!
And the children's religion
Of coddling pigeon!!!

Under taunts my gentle slaughterer
Contrives a cabbage-silence:
It's my pea-shooting sons and daughterer
Indulge in beastly vilence.

What's a man to do
In such a Zoo?

Is the only cure,
That's sure,
And lasting,
Fasting?

OTTO WATTEAU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"National 6" at the Gate

Intimate, delicate, and at times just a little embarrassing in its sweetness, *National* 6 is the sort of play to inspire critical diminutives, affectionate or contemptuous according to whether M. Jean-Jacques Bernard's flutters of fancy amuse or enrage you. In the truly austere mind there must arise a certain queasiness at the spectacle of an elderly dreamer with his innocent flower of a daughter being half-inspired, half-consoled by the cars which whirl past their window all day on the way to the Riviera, Greece, Egypt and India. Nor will the latter-day ascetic shed tears for poor little Francine's hopeless passion for the young painter whose car the obliging road has wrecked outside her door; and he may positively wince at the young painter's father, manfully smothering his own hopeless passion for Francine. It is all, I suppose, a matter of temperament and taste; but with such casting, and such quiet, sympathetic under-playing as the piece receives at the Gate, *National* 6 provides enchanting moments for the not-too-austere. Miss Jill Furse as Francine has the crucial task, and undertakes it remarkably well. At present she is neither a great nor even a good actress, but her ethereal charm comes from a personality of the true magnetism from which great acting sometimes springs. A clever film director with enough dollars could probably make her a world-famous star in two years. Ten years' hard work on the stage may make her into something still more interesting. Mr. J. Leslie Frith as her father potters and dodders amiably enough, but distinguishes himself more as the translator of the play, and Marjorie Gabain as her common-sense mother makes full use of her brief but valuable appearances.

"Episode" at the Academy

There must be some method of appreciating such Continental films as *Episode* which disregards their essential flimsiness and enables large, good-natured audiences to bask in their all too obvious charm, sauciness and grace. That a light touch in part redeems its complacent jollity and adolescent innuendo is the best, it seems to me, that can be said for this Austrian film. Its insistence on Viennese gaiety is less wearisome, of course, than the novelettish inanity of a film like *Barcarole*, and, by comparison with recent politico-historical tracts from Germany, it can certainly claim to be innocuous. But that is all; and if *The Old and the Young King* and *Das Mädchen Joanna* had a nasty, misplaced intensity, the latter film at any rate was magnificently acted, especially by Gustav Gründgens, whereas *Episode* offers us only the cocky naturalism of prize-winning Paula Wessely, who did so nicely in *Maskerade*. The episode itself hardly bears looking into; it is at once so jejune and so preposterous—an odd combination—that only the author-director's excellent cutting and our own determined refusal to believe in his heroine's innocence can make up, to some extent, for an insipid theme nonchalantly composed, shot, and turned into a film.

"Escapade" at the Empire

Perhaps the best way to discern the merits of *Episode* is to see *Escapade*, the American "re-make" of *Maskerade*, with William Powell in the leading male role and M-G-M's new star, Luise Rainer, plopped into Paula Wessely's shoes. It's a tolerable film, if you happened to miss the original; but possibly as much can be said for a Florentine palazzo or Tudor mansion transported brick by brick and beam by beam to Griffithsville or Oklahoma. Shot by shot, with the same angles and identical jokes, *Escapade* unfolds a slavish and therefore inert replica of all the naughtiness, frailty and love of *Maskerade*. Only a new, explosive "wife" has been introduced, to join each sequence with a jolt and jazz-up Old Vienna. Some of the artist's pictures are even worse than they were, and his model now is *swathed* in furs (the plot, you remember, is that she wears too little; only her identity is masked—and mistaken. The other novelty in this re-hash is Luise Rainer, embryo star, whose stage personality has been religiously preserved from routine incubation in the studios—a new-fangled notion, this, of Mr. Louis Mayer, which has had the even "curiouser" result that whenever Miss Rainer appears on the screen without William Powell—and only then—she overacts atrociously, as if she had already won all the Venice and Hollywood awards for film-acting and had beaten Frl. Bergner, Wessely, Dietrich to them by a dropped eyelid and two short *moues*. But under William Powell's steadying influence all this *Gaminelichkeit* evaporates, and she acts well. In this case a prolonged sojourn in the studio concentration-camps is clearly advisable. After all, we shall shortly have the chance of seeing Annabella at The Curzon. . . .

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 8th—
Sunday Times Book Exhibition, Dorland Hall. Till November 18th.
S. H. Wood on "The General Moral Approach," Morley College, 5.30.
"Anthony and Anna," Whitehall Theatre.

SATURDAY, November 9th—
League of "Arts" Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
London Group Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries.

SUNDAY, November 10th—
John Drinkwater on "The Nature of Poetry," Conway Hall, 11.
The Grinke Trio, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
Andrew Rothstein on "Eighteen Years After," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, November 11th—
Armistice Day Peace Meeting, arranged by the British Section Women's World Committee against War and Fascism. Speeches by Miss E. Froud, Miss Helen Simpson, Miss Dorothy Woodman and others, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 7.30.
"Song of Ceylon," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
Courtauld Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on Nov. 12th.

TUESDAY, November 12th—
Arthur F. Newell on "America and the Present Crisis," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Prof. John Macmurray on "Reason and Religion," Conway Hall, 7.
S. K. Ruck on "Poverty and Crime," 36, Tavistock Place, 8.

WEDNESDAY, November 13th—
Barbara Wootton on "The Future of Economic Thought," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, November 14th—
H. J. Laski on "The American Experiment," Friends Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Things to Come, by H. G. Wells (Cresset Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*) is the story prepared for the film by the author from the material in *The Shape of Things to Come*, and is extremely interesting from several points of view. While there are fewer "things to come," there is naturally more "shape." Mr. Wells has a complete grasp of how a story has to be told for the screen and his book is, I believe, a model for anyone who wants to write for it, as an increasing number of serious authors are bound to. They will naturally not make a habit of publishing their scenarios as books—but they are very likely to plan their books from the beginning with scenarios in mind—or write the scenario *first* and expand the book from that. This I believe would be the ideal method; the scenario, or a first version of it would take the place of the detailed synopsis which so many writers who care about form always draft out first. It will correspond to those long, dictated, tellings and retellings of the story which George Moore employed as the approach to the final version of his later tales. But whether the film scenario is written first, or constructed afterwards, I think that in many ways it will have a very healthy influence on the story-teller's art. The one thing which is completely barred, in writing for the film, is the irrelevant digression which has no bearing on the main theme and does not carry the story any forwarder. Thus the effect of a writer working with the film at the back of his mind, will not only be to simplify, but to make the story a unity; every detail in a great film is subservient to the main idea. The first thing for the story-teller to know should be: What is the essence of my tale? Yet hundreds of novelists only discover this, if they discover it at all, when their books are three-parts finished. But a continuity writer must know this before he starts work. He has to tell his story visually; every picture must not only tell a story, but be telling part of the same story. In this respect the film is in its very nature an instrument of propaganda. A film is one long appeal to the emotions; it cannot, by its very nature present an argument impartially, since the spectator believes what he is shown.

* * *

Things to Come is a perfectly designed, spectacular film and is, of course, pure propaganda, extremely effective emotionally, and, as all films must be, as irrational as a poem, or an opera. There is little doubt that Mr. Wells, and the majority of his audience, will think the film shown them on the screen is propaganda for peace, and for a super-state, directed by scientists. But I do not myself think that its effect will be to promote either of these causes. I believe that all propaganda describing war, and the horrors of war, is propaganda for war and not against it. Mankind has a passion for destructiveness and a love of dramatic cataclysms and disasters. If war is believed possible, then sooner or later it will come. If we adopt the methods of Christian Science and make ourselves believe that war is out of the question and need not be feared, our belief automatically comes true. Thus the Dutch are more at Hitler's mercy than we are; they have a most attractive colonial empire, but since we all believe the annexation of Holland by Germany is out of the question, they are less in danger of a war than we are. For we, whether we believe in armaments or not, are gloating with terror over our own destruction, and feel ourselves playing a doomed and tragic part. But Mr. Wells's cataclysm is made alluring, because it is followed by a renaissance in human affairs. Mr. Wells indulges our (and his) love of a catastrophe before leading us to a "world-pax." The existing state of muddle, fear, acute nationalism, is difficult to improve. Let us help to destroy it—and then, when dictators have sunk to the level of rival gang-leaders of small communities, when there is no longer any iodine for the sick, or rubber, or insulating tape, or petrol, when ancient cars are drawn about by horses—why then, hey-presto, there is the sound of wings over the world, the scientist arrives in an aeroplane and puts everything straight. The fact that the muddle in men's heads will be worse then than now, is lightly brushed aside. Mr. Wells steadfastly rejects the view that every world war makes peace more unlikely. The idea that a state of world-pax was never so near achievement in his life-time as it was in 1913, is a truth too depressing for him to consider.

* * *

Mr. Wells's propaganda for the world-state is for much more than mere pacificism: perhaps the best word to describe his ultimate object is Druidism; that is to say, he is conducting the kind of propaganda which must have been required to make men build the great megalithic monuments. Man must not only be happy, peaceful, intelligent and artistic, he must always be engaged upon gigantic enterprises and researches magnificent. *Things to Come*, ends, therefore, with the lovers being discharged, from a Space Gun, in a shell which will pass round the moon. Having put everything on earth into apple-pie order, by universal consent, man must reach out to the stars.

> *Passworthy:* My God! Is there never to be an age of happiness? Is there never to be rest?
>
> *Cabal:* Rest enough for the individual man. Too much of it and too soon, and we call it death. But for MAN no rest and no ending. He must go on—conquest beyond conquest. This little planet and its winds and ways, and all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him. Then the planets about him, and at last out across immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time—still he will be beginning.

I profoundly disapprove of this propaganda and think that Mr. Wells's film is likely to have a most dangerous influence. It is not that I am afraid of space guns, or of our invading the moon. Indeed that seems a good method of working off the surplus energy of the over-ambitious. The danger of this propaganda is that it makes people believe that war is inevitable and that good will come of it, and it helps to implant those grandiose ideas of human destiny which are so easily exploited by dictators, or "scientists" who enslave mankind. Anyone who makes mankind look beyond the daily and innumerable happiness of ordinary human life, and hanker after greatness, is in my opinion its enemy. To learn to live without poverty, disease, jealousy or quarrelling, to be good and not wicked, may sound a dull and limited objective; let us reach that and if ever our descendants know themselves to be perfect, they can decide upon the next step. Primitive minds want more grandiose gestures. There seems to these Druids more splendour in shooting about among the stars in some sort of a barrel than in contemplating them quietly from the back lawn. There would be very little splendour and very great suffering in spreading the infectious plague of man about the solar system. It is impossible to look at the Pyramids or at Stonehenge without thinking of the thousands of innocent lives which were idiotically destroyed to put up such monuments of folly; Mr. Wells is eager to enslave us in order to put up even more fanciful monstrosities, in the name of science.

* * *

Though I abhor Mr. Wells's Druidism, which is peculiarly adapted to delude the young, I delight in him as a writer. His ideas are absurd (and must be taken seriously in a world of absurd ideas), but he has real imagination and is a real artist. *The Invisible Man* was an excellent film, and I am looking forward eagerly to seeing *Things to Come*. As a printed book it is one of the most effective things that he has written. Every page of it is alive and the scenario form is a perfect instrument in his hands. It has indeed the punch and drive of his early work and an artistic unity which is new to him, for his exuberant desire to ramble off is here impossible. As propaganda I hate and loathe it—especially as Mr. Wells's subjects are usually Things that do come true. How I wish he would take as his next subject the story of a Kipps caught up in the cogs of a machine world and smashing it. The modern world needs the rebel as hero.

DAVID GARNETT

ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT

A Century of Municipal Progress. 1835–1935. Edited by HAROLD J. LASKI (Professor of Political Science in the University of London), W. IVOR JENNINGS (Reader in English Law in the University of London), WILLIAM A. ROBSON (Reader in Administrative Law in the University of London). *Allen and Unwin.* 21s.

A hundred years ago there was passed the Municipal Corporations Act, the first—or, to be more exact, the second, if you count the Poor Law Amendment Act, 1834—of the long series of measures that have transformed English local government from a scandal into a glory. It was an excellent idea of the National Association of Local Government Officers to celebrate the centenary with a book of this sort. And they could not have found three better men to see to its preparation than Professor Laski, Dr. Jennings and Dr. Robson. The book is a survey—historical, descriptive, critical, and constructive—admirably planned by its editors and admirably written by the team of experts that they have got together to deal with different aspects of the subject. There are no fewer than eighteen contributors, counting the editors themselves, and the number of the cooks has not spoilt the broth. *A Century of Municipal Progress* is a first-rate concoction—nourishing and stimulating alike for the tiro and for the expert in local government. It would be unfair to the writers to mention some names and not others. It would be unfair to the public—who, I hope, will buy, beg or borrow, and read, the book—to mention none. And so here is the complete list: Prof. Elie Halévy, J. L. Hammond, Lord Snell, L. Hill, Sir George Newman, Herbert Morrison, Sir Ernest Simon, Prof. Frank Smith, L. Stanley Jast, Sir Frederic Kenyon, H. Finer, Gilbert Slater, Sir Josiah Stamp, John Willis, C. Kent Wright. Each of these is a recognised authority in his own line—history, law, administration, health, housing, education, public finance, or what not. Some have a knowledge and an experience that make them authorities in many lines.

The progress they record is prodigious. In 1835 the English towns, as Mr. Hammond says, "were sunk in a condition of barbarism that would have put a citizen of the Roman Empire to the blush." Nor, of course, did the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act immediately change all that. It applied only to 179 boroughs, and it was long yet before the reformed town councils, and the other local authorities that we have to-day, were charged with the administration of the social services, with the provision of schools, hospitals and clinics, highways, houses, parks, libraries, water and gas and electricity. In the early 'forties, Sir Josiah Stamp observes, the public accounts of Birmingham were comprised under three short heads—the Borough Fund Account, the Borough Gaol Account, and the Lunatic Asylum Account—and the total revenue and expenditure was reckoned only in thousands of pounds. Now "the picture is contained in a volume of over five hundred pages, with detailed accounts for 35 heads of services," a gross expenditure of £9,605,000, and an aggregate balance sheet totalling £117,500,000. Even when the important towns were beginning to function decently, the local government of the country as a whole was in a deplorable muddle. In 1871 it was justly described as "a chaos of authorities, a chaos of rates, and a chaos of areas." And it took another generation to reduce the chaos to order by the creation of county councils, district and parish councils, metropolitan borough councils, and the abolition of the school boards, while the *ad hoc* Poor Law authorities survived till six years ago.

But proud as we may be of this achievement, there is yet much to find fault with. Reforms are urgently needed in many branches of the local services and in the machinery of administration. The committee system is rightly praised by Professor Laski as a remarkable instrument for the conduct of council business; but, as he shows, it does not function perfectly. We have not satisfactorily solved the problem of central control of the local authorities. Municipal trading is still cramped and confined within narrow limits. The municipal civil service is a fine body, but it might be better. Local authorities do nowadays take thought for the amenities of life as well as the necessities; but, in general, as Dr. Robson complains, they have a poor idea of what a true civic culture should be.

Dr. Robson also stresses once more the need for structural reform—the enlargement of existing areas, which have become utterly inadequate for administering many of the great services of to-day, and the better co-ordination of functions among the various authorities, county and borough and district and parish. He suggests three alternative solutions of the area problem. We could merge or combine existing councils for the conduct of particular services. We could adopt the method of federation. Or we could establish directly elected regional authorities for certain large-scale services. I believe myself, for a variety of reasons which cannot be discussed here, that "regionalism" is the right solution—a "regionalism" going farther perhaps than Dr. Robson contemplates. There is, however, another possible line of organisation for some, at least, of the large-scale services, which would diminish rather than enhance the powers of the local authorities. This consists in the running of the service by an independent statutory corporation, under State and not municipal control. The London Passenger Transport Board is an obvious illustration. And if and when the whole transport system of the country is socialised, the municipal tram and bus may disappear. That, at any rate, is envisaged by the Labour Party. They propose to set up a National Transport Board which would take over and run, by the most appropriate machinery, all forms of transport. Some undertakings might be left temporarily in private hands or in the hands of the local authorities. But, they argue, "it is largely a matter of convenience whether or not the local authorities should organise the local transport of urban communities," and "where local authority management remained in operation, provision might be made for the National Transport Board taking over the services at any subsequent time by agreement." (The same question might arise in connection with the banks. Would a nationalised banking system make for, or against, the establishment of municipal banks?)

But any such development as this, it may be urged, would mean a substantial gain in efficiency to compensate for a small loss of local autonomy. It would still leave ample room for the exercise of democracy and a wide field for municipal enterprise—a field which political prejudice and the power of capitalist interests have so far prevented the local authorities from tilling to the full. Looking at the past, the present and the future as they are presented in this masterly survey, we can agree with Dr. Robson's conclusion: "There are plenty of causes for pessimism in the world, but the outlook in English local government is not amongst them."

C. M. LLOYD

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Mid-Autumn Literary Supplement

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9, 1935

the white sea canal

The building of the canal to complete the waterway between the White Sea and the Baltic was a remarkable engineering accomplishment in itself. But when it is realised that the work was carried through by ten thousand enemies of the State, guarded and helped by only thirty-seven G.P.U. officers, the success of the experiment appears even more amazing. Another interesting experimental feature of this book is that it is, as far as we know, the first example available in English of a work done by the method of "group composition." It is published today at 15s net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

THE POWYS BROTHERS by Richard Heron Ward: a biographical and critical study of three members of this remarkable family: John Cowper Powys, T. F. Powys, Llewelyn Powys: tracing the influence of each brother upon the others. 7s 6d net.

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STALIN by Henri Barbusse: 'It is a panegyric, partly of Stalin the man, but far more of the Communist party of which he is the head . . . A brilliant, impressionist picture of the major acts which have created the new world of Communist Russia and of Stalin's part therein.' *The Listener*. 12s 6d net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

next friday

Next Friday we are publishing a startling book on China by Egon Erwin Kisch, entitled 'SECRET CHINA.' It is a revelation of China as the tourist does not see it, as the guide-books do not describe it–China as only the Chinese masses–and Kisch–know it. It is, in fact, a most pungent piece of reportage. The price will be 8s 6d net. Next Friday.

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CONTENTS

MEDITERRANEAN NIGHT. By Ralph Bates . . . . Page 681
CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By R. H. Tawney . 682
HANS ANDERSEN. By Peter Quennell 686
VOLTAIRE. By Harold J. Laski 686
DRY BUT NOT DUSTY. By Conal O'Riordan 688
GENTEEL TRADITION. By Hamish Miles 688
ALL-IN PORTRAITURE. By J. F. Horrabin 690
HERODOTUS. By J. L. Myres 690
MUSICAL EVOLUTION. By Edward Sackville West . . . 692
KEIR HARDIE. By G. D. H. Cole 694
AN AMBITIOUS ANTHOLOGY. By George Rylands . . . 694
A WILDERNESS TRANSFORMED. By H. E. Bates 696

MEDITERRANEAN NIGHT

BEYOND the Cape the swell was longer and the Orphan in the lamp boat behind began waving to us to lengthen the tow rope. We could see him standing against the flares, his dropped shoulder looking odder than ever. I scrambled back to give him more riding length, but the Old Man was already paying it out. I had forgotten him, as most of us did; he allowed us to forget him, I think. Once he had been called Grandfather, but that was when he promised to show that special cunning about the ways of fish which an old man ought to have. He simply has not got it, I suppose, the life seems to dribble out of him quicker than out of most old men, though he still turns up each evening on the beach. He only does easy jobs, lighting the lamps or greasing the launching baulks. It is nearly two years since we've called him Grandfather.

As I got back to the prow the lighthouse went out and the café on the beach went black also. Little Rose, who was pouring water over the exhaust pipe (that was what cracked it, I say) heaved his body round, he stood up to see better though the lighthouse was up there by the triangle of little stars. His body looked as big as the rock we call the Isleta.

"It's the power station at Blanes," he said.

Esteban wouldn't have that. "It's the Dance Hall," he said; "Old Teeth is messing about with those lights again; he put out the whole town, the lighthouse and all at the beginning of last season."

The lighthouse did not go on again until we reached the Mill Stones and then Esteban shouted to Little Rose, who was barging about in the cabin: "That shows it was the Dance Hall, they'd 'a put it on quicker from the power station."

"No they wouldn't; it wouldn't take 'em long to put a new fuse in if it was the Dance Hall."

We took sides over it. We voted on it, but the Old Man wouldn't have given a casting vote if we'd asked him. I was for the power station, of course; if it had been the Dance Hall they'd have found the fault quickly. I was right, it was the auxiliary they turned on.

It was Esteban's idea to go one hour's motor out from the Mill Stones, and so Little Rose gave in. "I expect you're right about the currents, boy," he said, and Esteban explained it again to me, for they still think I'm new to it, though I've been with them three summers and two winters.

"You see, when we see this sort of swell we know there'll be a current going the same way, but there'll be a current coming across the bay as well, but deeper down."

"That's right," they all said, "deeper down," and Little Rose pointed into the water. That made me wild. I'm beginning my third winter with them. "Yes, deeper down," I said.

"So you see, when we put the net out the top will drift one way, and the bottom the other; the leads won't be heavy enough to keep it upright: result, no fish."

"Not one son of a sardine." Little Rose showed me an empty basket; they think because I am a vineyard worker that I know nothing, but you should see Little Rose handle a pruning knife, you'd think he wanted to write his name all over the vine.

When we got to the place Esteban had mentioned we let down anchor, the Orphan he was slow in letting down and had to row himself about a bit to get position. We watched him, though because it was hard work we didn't shout at him much. I didn't want to shout, the swell was deep and very long, and when the lamp boat went down into a trough the light came through the water of the next wave and it looked like a hill of green glass, or what a huge green jellyfish would look like if it had lights in it. It *was* beautiful, though Esteban didn't take on to the idea when I told him. "Yes, it's pretty," he said, and picked up the winesack and swore because Little Rose had done the stopper up tightly. But it was beautiful; the Orphan had pumped the petrol flares up high and so the swell blazed like a green neon sign as it ran away from us, paling off at the edges into the black sea, and disappearing under the light boat, by which time the water under us would be lighting up again. The night was blue like a big flower, as it always is when there's no moon. Then when the lamp boat came to the top of the swell it was riding on an umbrella of green glass and looked as if it would fall off. The light ran in glassy white strips that wriggled like eels down the slope of the water. When the wave got between us and the lamp boat you could see a few fish in the wall of the wave, rather misty, and you couldn't see what sort for all Esteban's brag—but beautiful. Do you see? Beautiful.

When the Orphan got the lamp boat into position the light just reached us through the water; we leaned over and we could see the first fish, a little family of *barats* broken off from the school, swimming up to be enchanted by the lights. We watched a longish time and then Little Rose choked and dropped his pipe in. "*Mare de deu*," he said, pointing, as if we couldn't see. Very dim and a long way down a big shadow was creeping by, as long as our boat. I think we all held our breath; I did. The big fish hadn't long gone down to that depth, I thought, because he was still streaming with little phosphorescent bubbles, like a man who dives at night, but very faint because of the light; though I don't know much about the ways of these bigger fish. Nor does Little Rose, nor Esteban. The shadow went by towards the Mill Stones; Little Rose began to whisper.

Perhaps it was because of that sliding shadow that we didn't try to sleep, but got together in the well; Esteban hung the winesack on the sawn-off mast and asked me for a story. I told them one or two, the one about Don Ricart whose vineyard was up behind the chapel of San Roque, and then Little Rose asked him for one.

"Here's one I like," he began, and we had another drink first. You couldn't drink or light a pipe when Esteban was yarning, you didn't want to and he wouldn't let you. I'm not so particular.

"There was once a fishing crew, like this one, who had bad luck for three years running and so they took to smuggling—serious smuggling. That led to worse, if you'll excuse the word worse," he said to me. "Go on," I said. "I mean piracy, and many's the ugly job they did, especially after they captured an Italian brigantine and had a decent ship. Well, they got tired of it at last and went ashore. Two of them bought a little farm on a mountain, that one over there." He pointed to the top of the Padró just sticking up black out of the water to the north-east.

"And so they lived for seven years, the mother of one of them keeping house. Well, at last the old strain outed and one, the younger, killed the other and told the fellow's mother that he had gone to the city. He cut up the body and flung the pieces down a cliff into the sea; the head he buried in the field behind the house. Remorse got him though, so he fled to sea again and became an honest sailor and gradually forgot that particular murder. Then one day he felt too old for the sea and left it. He landed at Genoa and inquired for the Spanish quarter. 'Go to the Little Square of the Sun,' they said, and there he was told of a house where he could lodge. When he knocked at the door it was opened by an old woman—it was the mother of the man he had murdered. 'Come in, son,' she said, 'I've been waiting for you.' He lived there many years and then one day she said, 'Go to the market and

buy some goat's flesh for supper,' and he went. On the way back a captain touched him on the back and said, 'What have you got in your basket?' The man opened it and said, 'It's goat flesh, you see, for our supper,' and the captain said, 'Very good.' And in going into the square another captain touched him on the back and said, 'What have you got in that basket?' and he showed the captain and said, 'Goat's flesh for our supper,' and the captain nodded. And then, as he lifted the latch of the house another captain touched him and said, 'What have you in your basket, signor?' and he answered, 'Goat's flesh.' 'Ah, let me see,' commanded the captain, and the man unlatched the basket and opened it, and there was the man's head which he had buried in the field beyond the house."

That set us off, of course. I told a better one than his in the end, though, and then the Orphan called that the fish were so thick that the boat was being pushed up out of the water. *Papa de deu*, that was a sight of fish, they were all rolling over and showing their bright bellies, enchanted silly by the lights. We rowed off as quiet as we could and let down the net and drew it round them. Well, what do you think—you *can't* think; such unreasonable luck. We ought to have seen them diving round us. Little Rose says he did see them go round us twice, the more fool him. We'd no sooner got that net drawn decently small when a school of dolphins came plunging in out of the dark. They ripped our net as if they didn't see it or went over it like wolves over a trap, after the fish; and there they were, churning up fish and water and net like . . . mind you, it was beautiful . . . like a froth of quicksilver. *Deu*, we could have cried, Little Rose did. Esteban swore and wanted to go overboard with a knife, and we had to hold him back. Everybody yelled and flung things at the dolphins—they were ruining our net, like a reef of bladder weed it was when they rode off; it didn't matter, the fish had gone. Even the Old Man shouted, we flung the oars at them, the bailing tin, the packing boxes, the baskets, the petrol can, the boat hook and the spare anchor, lost that, and the dolphins took no more notice of the howling mob of us than of a swarm of gnats blown to sea. By and by they sheered off, like curls of phosphorescence; the water glittered for ten minutes afterwards. We got what was left of the net in and then the anchor; Little Rose was half crying about the lost anchor, too.

It was then we properly saw the other dolphin, though I had had an eye upon him all the while; he must have been sick or old and afraid of our yelling, for he didn't jump the net with the others but kept twenty yards off and fussed about on his own. As we ran back to the beach he kept a little ahead of us, all alone, for the school had gone off out to sea. Little Rose stood up by the oar rack and cursed the beast. Esteban was muttering something about a gun. It made my blood froth in my veins to see that dolphin keep so near us, shying off a bit now and then and then drifting back into gun range, if we'd had a gun. But after a while I got sick at the others keeping on swearing at the damned beast. They *were* behaving like children, that dolphin hadn't done any harm, anyway—I suppose it wanted company.

I got so rattled with their cursing I would have gone forward to get out of their way, but the Old Man was sitting at the prow. He wasn't swearing at the beast, though I saw how he watched it all the way back to the Cape. He was still watching it when the broken water by the Cape got us all busy. The Old Man's a queer fellow, besides being well-nigh useless. He sat there nearly two hours watching that damned dolphin!

RALPH BATES

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CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Christianity and the Social Revolution. Edited by K. POLANYI, J. NEEDHAM, C. RAVEN and J. MACMURRAY. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Christianity and the Social Revolution is a remarkable book, but it does not lend itself to a brief review. It ranges in its survey from the origins of Christianity to German National Socialism. Metaphysics, natural science, social and religious history, all find a place in its pages. The sixteen contributors to it include Christian socialists and social reformers, Russian and English communists, philosophers, scientists and men of letters. Of its eighteen chapters, some are carefully reasoned essays, others affirmations of their authors' faith, or faiths. Its unity, therefore, is that of an inquiry prompted by a common conviction of the importance of the subject indicated by its title, not of common intellectual premises or of an agreed body of conclusions.

In that conviction the authors are unquestionably right. The crisis of Europe to-day has some resemblance to that of three centuries ago. Till recently unthinkable, a modern version of the so-called Wars of Religion is now not an impossibility. The world, it seems, is dividing itself into creedal blocks, of which some, at least, act on the detestable maxim *cujus regio, ejus religio*, and destroy freedom to preserve unity. Nothing is more important than that the nature of these creeds should be understood, and that they should, if possible, understand each other. It is the antipathies and affinities of two among them, Christianity and Socialism, which are the subject of this book.

All creeds suffer at the hands of history a double deformation. They undergo a process of dilution and petrifaction—dilution by the world, petrifaction by the elect. On the one hand, their teaching, as it is absorbed into the atmosphere of succeeding ages, loses the sharpness of its outlines and the purity of its colour. Paradoxes, in order to be assimilated, must be turned into platitudes; the coin becomes worn in proportion as it circulates. On the other hand, the more novel their contribution, the more certainly predestined are they to be the victims of their adherents. It is a wise prophet who knows his own doctrine by the time his disciples have shown their devotion by defending it. The faithful in all movements are disposed to believe that they have acquired an exclusive title to expound, not always without glosses, the sacred books, and that fervour of conviction is a sufficient guarantee of infallibility in interpretation. The result is too often that every virtue in the doctrine is preserved except its vitality. Ritual formulae are remembered, and principles forgotten. Reiteration is regarded as a substitute for creative thought. The terror of the orthodox is converted by his followers into the founder of a new orthodoxy.

Christianity has repeatedly succumbed to this degeneration. Socialism, in spite of its short life, has also experienced it. In considering the relations between the two, certain simple canons should be observed, which are as obvious as they are neglected. Facile syntheses are to be distrusted. Each creed may at bottom have more in common with the other than the militant spokesmen of both would wish; but, if so, the affinity must be sought in regions too profound to yield their treasure without a struggle. Each, again, is to be judged by its essential features, not by the *chronique scandaleuse* of failings, crimes, and aberrations which every student of history finds no difficulty in compiling. Religion, or pseudo-religion, can undoubtedly be the opium of the people, and, when Marx so described it, it frequently was. But so also can Marxism, or pseudo-Marxism; few political organisations have been more thoroughly doped by a dogma into solemn and pretentious futility than the party long proclaimed to be the most Marxist in Europe, the pre-war German Social-Democrats. Theory, in the third place, must be compared with theory, and practice with practice, not the theory of one system with the practice of another. Finally, no creed or society is to be judged by the absurdities of its camp-followers. It is probable that Christians have talked hitherto more nonsense than Socialists. There are more of them, at least on paper, and they have been longer at it. But in England, at any rate, some Socialists appear to be doing their best to make up for lost time. The eagerness of intellectual snobs to keep in step with the latest fashion is as ridiculous as the frenzies of the nice, lady-like creatures who babble sweetly of violence, without having the remotest idea of what violence is like. It would obviously be unfair to make much of either of them.

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From vices of this kind *Christianity and the Social Revolution* is commendably free. It is serious; does not deal in the cheap currency of controversy; and is honest and sincere. It is out of the question to discuss the different contributions in detail. Probably the best for the reader to start on is that of Professor Macmurray on *The Early Development of Marx's Thought*.

Most English readers appear still to begin their Marx either with *Capital* or with *The Communist Manifesto*. The effect is apt to be like that of measles on a man of sixty. The thing is so inappropriate to their condition that it either knocks them out, or leaves them delirious. The right way to study Marx is the way Marx himself studied. It is to follow the line of his intellectual history. He was a writer who, in his later works, took for granted a great deal that had been the atmosphere of his earlier years, and had gone to form his mind. He assumed, of course, Hegel, of whom Professor Macmurray properly makes much. He assumed the legacy of the French Revolution, and of that, perhaps, one should make more. He assumed also, the acceptance of a mass of ethical ideas. To ignore all this, and start halfway down the stream, is to make certain of misunderstanding him. It leads, in particular, to a grotesque misconception of his theory of history, and, therefore, of politics.

The misconception in question takes several forms. The commonest, I suppose, both among opponents and among some of his exponents, is that which suggests that, by some mysterious process of squaring intellectual circles, he made a theory of the processes of history do the work of a political philosophy. That, presumably, is what is meant when he is denounced as "unmoral." The conventional mistranslation of *Die Materialistische Geschichtsauffassang*—"realist," "objective," or "positive" would all be better renderings—has, no doubt, something to do with it. In reality, of course, the suggestion of the critic that ethics are in some sense degraded when they are shown to have economic roots, or of the uninstructed disciple that, in order to dispose of a concept such as personal liberty, it is sufficient to describe it as "bourgeois morality," are equally solecisms. They have their source in a confusion of origins and values of which Marx was innocent. The servile cult of the inevitable, the distrust of personal initiative, and the contempt for common men to which that parody leads, can possibly find some texts to cite, but they are foreign to his general tenor.

Marx himself, as his scathing denunciations are sufficient to prove, was as saturated with ethics as a Hebrew prophet. He did not fall into the vulgar error of supposing that historical statements are either a substitute for judgments of value, or can be directly converted into them. Nor should anyone else. Religious tolerance came to its own in England partly—among other reasons—because compulsory conformity, if practicable in a homogeneous agricultural society, was ruinous in a complex commercial one, with a multitude of different interests each clamouring to lead its own life. But it was not less an immense advance in civilisation, because it was economically advantageous. Some Puritan parliamentarians defended economic interests by appealing to constitutional precedents, as to the real tenor of which they were as mistaken as Puritan armies in their view of the authority to be ascribed to the English translation of the Bible. But the job they both did was not a small one. There is not much difficulty in showing that the sublime abstractions of the Declaration of the Rights of Man derived their practical significance from the prosaic necessities of a particular stage of economic development. But it remains to explain why the wretched recruits who were bundled into the line at Valmy astonished their generals, and the world, and themselves, by standing still, when the invincible infantry of the Prussians began to advance up the hill.

All this is not so irrelevant a digression as might, at first sight, be supposed. The one view of Man which is fatal both to Christianity and to any Social Revolution worth making is that which regards him, not as a being with a capacity, if he will use it, for autonomy and responsibility, but as a machine or a slave. Given the acceptance of the platitude that the most important fact about human beings is their humanity, there is, at any rate, a sufficient basis of agreement for controversy. It is perpetually denied in practice in capitalist societies, and in Germany the Nazis have turned that denial into a dogma. It is significant, as Dr. Polanyi points out in an instructive essay, that, in the process of eradicating Communism, they have found it necessary to attempt to eradicate Christianity, and, in order to destroy both, to repudiate as a gigantic aberration the last two thousand years of European history, to the greater glory of some obscure tribes of whom little is known, and that little pretty trivial. Given their own premises, their logic is sound. They have been perfectly right in seeing an irreconcilable enemy in a creed which holds that one must obey God rather than Man.

It is quite true, of course, that, though first principles are important, they do not carry one far. As the contributors who deal, in some interesting chapters, with the history of Christianity have no difficulty in showing, there have at most periods been large anti-capitalist and quasi-communist elements in its teaching. In order to clear the ground for the modern economic system, it was necessary first to bring the Church to heel. In spite, however, of the saints and prophets, it remains true that, if by the ambiguous word "Church" is meant—as usually seems to be the case—its officers, then their record, with certain conspicuous exceptions, has been pretty black. The Anglican Church, in particular, during the greater part of the last three centuries, has been, and still largely remains, a class institution, making respectful salaams to property and gentility, and with too little faith in its own creed to call a spade a spade in the vulgar manner of the New Testament. My criticism of the contributions of the two Russian Communists who touch on the subject is not, therefore, that they are too hard on the Christian Church. On the contrary, they let it off a good deal more lightly than would have been done by a slave of superstition like myself. It is that they appear to regard human history in general as a more sober, respectable, less tragic, sublime, disreputable and desperate, affair than it seems to me. There are moments when I am disposed to doubt whether the world is really quite so tidy and well-lit a lecture-room as virtuous intellectuals suppose. But probably that attitude is mystic, animistic, fictionistic, subjectively idealistic, and solipsistic. So down! presumptuous human reason, down!

The watershed between creeds which this striking book suggests is not the conventional one. Whatever Christians and Communists may say and do, Christianity and Communism are alike in holding the now unfashionable view that principles really matter. Both have their absolutes. As far as principles are concerned the division of the future will lie, perhaps, less between different forms of political and economic organisation than between different estimates of the value to be put on the muddled soul of Henry Dubb. What the rulers of Germany and Italy think of him, we know; and I suspect that those of Japan think much the same. The Christian Church professes to regard him as a little lower than the angels, a child of God, and the heir of eternal life. But it has shown hitherto no unquenchable zeal to ensure that, in this vale of tears, he shall be treated as what, on its own doctrine, he is. The rulers of Russia have kicked out his old masters, harnessed science to his service, and told him to work, not as a serf, but as a free man among comrades. But, unless I am misinformed, they appear at times to regard him not without some nervousness, and—whether with reason or not, I am unable to judge—to be somewhat apprehensive lest what the polite Japanese call "dangerous thoughts" should upset his feeble mind.

In the case of *Dubb* v. *Superior Persons & Co.*, whether Christians, Capitalists or Communists, I am an unrepentant Dubbite. So I am in the unfortunate position of being unable to applaud my friends for their vices, which—since their shining virtues will look after themselves—is what one's friends usually desire. I find it impossible to believe, with some Christians, that what they call spiritual equality is a compensation for economic and social inequalities, or, with some Communists, that, given economic equality, such fragments of political and civil liberty as Dubb has contrived to pinch from under the indignant noses of his masters are a bourgeois superstition which a well-regulated mind will surrender without a pang. A Christianity which resigns the economic world to the Devil appears to me not Christianity at all, and a Socialism which puts Dubb on a chain for his own good, and prevents him teaching manners to his wise governors, a Socialism which has half its battles still before it.

Since I am not a fatalist, and regard confident predictions from past history as mostly sciolism, I have not yet despaired of Henry. I regard it as not impossible that he may one day wake up; make an angry noise like a man, instead of bleating like a sheep; and, in England, at any rate, in spite of scales heavily weighted against him, use such rights as he possesses, which he is more sensible than some of his teachers in thinking worth having, to win economic freedom. Several of the writers in *Christianity and the Social Revolution* would repudiate with contempt a creed so obviously devoid of scientific foundations. Others, possibly, would agree. I leave it to them and their readers.

R. H. Tawney

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HANS ANDERSEN

Fairy Tales and Legends. By Hans Andersen. Illustrated by Rex Whistler. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 7s. 6d.

Is Hans Andersen read in advanced nurseries? I do not know; but I am sure that were I myself attempting to bring up a child on advanced modern lines, in the hope that it might develop into one of those bluff, strident, oddly apparelled, bourgeois-hating, communist-brochure-devouring, repression-free, respectively unpowdered and unshaved, modern young women and young men of whom we sometimes catch a glimpse in the tube train bound for this or that intellectual suburb, Hans Andersen would be banished from the nursery bookshelf. There is no doubt that his influence is decidedly enervating. Should our children be permitted to shed tears over the sorrows of *The Little Match Girl* when they might be more profitably employed learning to hate the system of capitalist exploitation that condemned the poor little proletarian to freeze to death, within sight and sound of a bourgeois Christmas party? Is their hair to rise—as ours once rose—at the really horrifying recital of what befell the heroine of *The Red Shoes*, dancing on and on "over thorns and briars," exhausted, hag-ridden, till she was obliged to beg the old headsman to take his axe and hack off her feet? Should they respond to the miseries of *The Little Mermaid* who gave up her tongue in order to shed her fish's tail, but when she set foot on the earth in pursuit of her beloved "felt as though she were walking on the edges of sharp swords"?

Children, however, like adults, often derive incalculable benefit from doing, eating, reading exactly the wrong things. And, though Hans Andersen was a sentimentalist, if we compare his sentimentalism with the more modern type professed by Sir James Barrie and other writers of the same breed, we find all the difference between the natural and the artificial—between the story-teller who was genuinely half a child and the clever journalist who makes his living by going down on all fours on the drawing-room carpet. It was Andersen's tragedy that he could never grow up. Readers of Miss Signe Toksvig's interesting biography, published two years ago, will not have forgotten his agonising struggles to accommodate himself to the life of the adult universe, how he longed to enjoy the pleasures and responsibilities that are the lot of ordinary mortals, hoped again and again that he might be able to persuade some woman to accept him as lover or husband, only to be put off with friendship or smiling indifference. From the sisters of his school friends to Jenny Lind—not one of them would condescend to take him seriously.

As a result, he was thrust back into his own reveries. Very poor at the beginning of his life—so poor that he was delighted to accept a civil list pension, amounting to some sixty pounds a year—plain featured, irascible and sensitive—so sensitive that, even at the height of his celebrity, during his visit to England, Dickens discovered him lying face down on the grass, convulsed with rage and grief, after having read an unfavourable notice in a Danish paper—Andersen was not cut out for commonplace happiness. He took refuge in the world of the imagination. But then, Hans Andersen was a poet. That is to say, he did not flee from reality so much as take reality with him, into an atmosphere in which he found it possible to come to terms with the difficulties of real life. From one point of view, his tales and legends are his autobiography, set forth in symbolic guise; from another, they are pure essays in fantastic story-telling. In both aspects he was entirely unselfconscious. His character was as guileless as his career was innocent; and, though he was childish, he never descended to playing the child.

But the fascination of his stories goes much deeper. Most are charming; some—like *The Emperor's New Clothes* and *The Real Princess*, popularly called *The Princess and the Pea*—are remarkably witty; but, at their best, as in *The Marsh King's Daughter* and *The Snow Queen*, they have the quality of imposing every detail upon the reader's mind, so that he accepts it without any sense of literary make-believe. For every detail, he feels, is exactly *right*. . . . Of *The Snow Queen*, written just after his disappointing encounter with Jenny Lind, Andersen declared that he "loved writing it," that it "forced itself into his mind so fast that it fairly danced on to the paper." Winter that year was exceptionally hard, with deep dazzling snow-drifts; and all the mystery of a snowbound landscape, where dull streets achieve an air of supernatural silence and remoteness, perspectives are enlarged, familiar landmarks are blotted out, has been transferred to the story of how the Snow Queen, driving through the town in her sledge, kidnaps little Kay and carries him off to her mournful palace in Lapland, "vast, empty, icily cold," illuminated overhead by the ever-changing, perpetually dissolving ribands of the Northern Lights.

Just as accomplished is the account of how Gerda retrieves him. I am not sure whether Hans Andersen shares with the author of *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* the distinction of having been received into the Surréaliste pantheon; but numerous passages—notably the chapter that describes Gerda's exploration of the sleeping palace preceded by the tame raven—suggest that he certainly deserves this honour:

> "It seems to me as if someone were behind us," said Gerda; and, in fact, there was a rushing sound as of something passing; strange-looking shadows flitted rapidly along the wall; horses with long, slender legs and fluttering manes; huntsmen, knights, and ladies.
>
> "These are only Dreams!" said the Raven; "they come to amuse the great personages here at night. . ."
>
> They now entered the first saloon; its walls were covered with rose-coloured satin, embroidered with gold flowers. The Dreams rustled past them, but with such rapidity that Gerda could not see them. . . . At last they reached the sleeping hall. In the centre of this room stood a pillar of gold, resembling the stem of a large palm-tree, whose leaves of glass—costly glass—formed the ceiling, and depending from the tree, hung near the floor, on thick golden stalks, two beds in the form of lilies. The one was white, wherein reposed the Princess; the other was red, and here must Gerda seek her playfellow, Kay. She bent aside one of the red leaves, and saw a brown neck. . . . She called him by his name aloud—held the lamp close to him; the Dreams again rushed by; he woke, turned his head, and, behold! it was not Kay.

Apparently no English translator has yet done full justice to the pellucid quality of Hans Andersen's prose style. Among the more workmanlike—though, here too, there are many touches of awkwardness—are the renderings that have been printed in Bohn's Illustrated Library and by Messrs. Dent in their celebrated Everyman's series. From these two sources, the publishers have selected the materials of the present admirable edition. It is well produced—except for the cover and end-papers, which are very ugly indeed—sensibly priced and equipped with a large number of delightful illustrations. Mr. Whistler's virtuosity rarely fails him; and his picture of the Egyptian Princess, confronted by the hideous emergence of the septuagenarian Marsh King, has the property—rare among illustrations—of positively adding to one's enjoyment of the author's text.

Peter Quennell

VOLTAIRE

Voltaire. By H. N. Brailsford. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2s. 6d.

Mr. Brailsford's remarkable volume is not less surely a classic of its kind than was his book on Shelley and Godwin some twenty years ago. He has written it with both his head and his heart, and it takes its place as not only the best book on its subject in English, but the only one, for its size, that rivals Lanson's superb biography of a generation ago.

It is interesting to compare his treatment of Voltaire with that of Lord Morley in the volume which has, until now, been most English reader's introduction to its subject. Both writers agree that Voltaire is hardly less an epoch than a man. Both emphasise the complexities of his nature. Both see that he was less an originator of ideas than a man with a genius for making ideas the possession of the common man. But whereas Lord Morley was content to see in Voltaire the triumphant protagonist of liberal ideas, Mr. Brailsford realises that the problem is more complex. Voltaire was indeed a liberal; but he was one who was uneasily aware that even the victory of all the reforms he desired would leave certain essential social problems unsolved. Nothing is better in Mr. Brailsford's account than his brilliant analysis of the limitations of Voltaire's liberalism. He was afraid of the masses. He shrank from conferring upon them that enlightenment which might give them awareness of their human rights. Whenever he approached the issue of equality he either evaded it, or put down platitudes of the inadequacy of which no one was more aware than he. Quite clearly the idea that there was a revolution behind the victory of his own class tormented him; and Mr. Brailsford has brought out with great clarity the way in which these fears prevented him from facing frankly the implications of his own social principles.

But the book is more than a discussion of social philosophy. There are enchanting pages on Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet, on the famous sojourn in Berlin, on life at Ferney, on the Calas tragedy. There is a chapter on Candide of which I can only say

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24 Russell Square **FABER & FABER** London, W.C.1

that it is worthy of the great fable it discusses. The account of his fight with the Church is a masterly piece of summarisation; and few readers will go unmoved through the account of that last dramatic visit to Paris. But to summarise the good things in the book would be to list all the episodes, almost, that Mr. Brailsford has collected from this epic life. Only, perhaps, in the first chapters has he at all fallen below his best. One would have wished for some account of the influences which shaped Voltaire, not least a tribute to the endless debt he owes to Bayle, and a hint of the degree to which he is the apotheosis of that great free-thinking tradition in France which stretches back, through the Libertins, to Montaigne and Rabelais. But where Mr. Brailsford has given us such riches, it is perhaps ungracious to ask for more. Let it be said with emphasis that this is a book not only to delight the general reader, but one, also, in which the student of the history of ideas will find new angles of approach, new facets of analysis, in every chapter. It is a masterpiece.

In his next edition I hope Mr. Brailsford will signalise the importance of two books that are indispensable to the study of Voltaire and should have been in his bibliography. The first is G. Peillissier's *Voltaire Philosophe*, the best book of its kind. The second is Prof. Torrey's *Voltaire and the English Deists*, the first book to utilise the remarkable materials in the National Library at Leningrad.

HAROLD J. LASKI

DRY BUT NOT DUSTY

Memoirs of General De Caulaincourt Duke of Vicenza 1812-1813. Edited by JEAN HANOTEAU. Translated by HAMISH MILES. Cassell 30*s*.

Even for a volume of such pride of port and clarity of type as this, thirty shillings is a price that only the comparatively wealthy amateur of history will readily pay. Yet I will say at once that for students of the Napoleonic episode who cannot easily read French it is one of the most essential aids to the understanding of the "Beginning of the End" that has ever appeared. It is incomparably more important as evidence of what happened on the road to and from Moscow in 1812 than the French Emperor's cynically humbugging epistles to his consort of which we heard so much this year. It is provided with notes which, despite one or two rather odd slips (confusion between the Scheldt and the Zuyder Zee and so on), are helpful as well as copious; and, if the translator occasionally nods, he has yet given a straightforward rendering of a text too lacking in literary grace to repay subtlety of treatment. Not one of the 620 pages of narrative is likely to be skipped, but all will be read for their historical and psychological interest and none for the fascination of its style. The book covers precisely the same period as that first and most famous volume of Philippe de Ségur's Memoirs known as *La Campagne de Russie*, and there are not many inexplicable discrepancies in their statements of fact. But, whereas Ségur wrote in the grand manner of a latter-day Xenophon (assuming that Xenophon had not been leader but subaltern) Caulaincourt was content to provide for his own satisfaction and his children's edification a voluminous essay on the theme He Wouldn't Be Warned By Me: the tale of a lion who, less wise than Aesop's, jeered at the mouse that tried to save him.

Armand Augustin Louis de Caulaincourt had neither wit nor humour; but, although a French nobleman by birth and a liveryman of Bonaparte's by adoption (to wit his Master of Horse), he had sufficient honesty to prefer to be tormented by his master at home rather than to lie abroad for him in the sense of Sir Henry Wotton's definition of the Ambassadorial function. His first experience as a diplomatic agent was in 1807, when after Friedland he was sent, at the age of thirty-two, to represent the French Empire at the court of Alexander I. A couple of years' service in that capacity led him to the conclusion "There are moments when an honest man could wish himself dead." But there was worse to come when, in 1812, he was directed to bamboozle the Tsar into a sense of security while Bonaparte made ready to crush him; and, declining so base an office, was called home in disgrace to serve his master as a sort of stableboy and to be made a scapegoat for that master's blunders in muddling a line of march or falling off his horse.

As one reads this volume recounting, almost from day to day, his experiences in attendance on that despot whose genius he adored while deploring his growing insanity of wilful self-deception, one feels that he often wishes himself dead; and that when at Borodino, a galloper arriving with word that his younger brother, General Auguste de Caulaincourt, has been killed charging with his cuirassiers through the gorge of a Russian redoubt, he presses on grimly silent into the battle despite his master's suggestion that he should withdraw, it is with the hope of finding rest with his brother from his apprehensions of a doom compared with which death in the heat of action would be joy.

As a young idolater of Bonaparte, Caulaincourt had led the raid into neutral territory to kidnap the Duke of Enghien and consequently had been numbered among that princeling's murderers: a charge which he and his descendants have fiercely repelled. The impression left on me by these absorbing pages is that Napoleon's ascendancy over Caulaincourt's mind was so demonic that had he ordered him in correct military form to shoot Enghien—or for the matter of that to stab his own mother—he would have obeyed; but as even Napoleon's cunning could not devise a formula by which a coherent system of lying could be brought into battery at the word "Action Front!" his personal good faith survived even his servile association with that most perverse of Caesars. His word is enough for me.

His efforts to explain away his master's insensate vanity and mania for lying, as foibles of a noble mind, are typical of that disease of Naphantasy which has attacked generation after generation, though I believe it to be at last on the wane among the young people of this country, to say nothing of the United States. Only rational education can get rid of it and teachers of history will do well to read this book, the original of which appeared only two years ago in France. It is not to be confused with spurious memoirs attached to the author's name about a century since. It was pleasant for one reviewer to turn from the last page of these details of the murderous rivalries of Napoleon and Alexander, about three o'clock in the morning, and, switching on Moscow, to listen in to Young Russia starting its day with physical drill to music: pleasant to reflect that a world of Stalins, Hitlers and Mussolinis is, at worst, preferable to one of Romanoffs, Habsburgs, Hohenzollerns or, least defensible of all, of Bonapartes.

CONAL O'RIORDAN

GENTEEL TRADITION

James Lane Allen and the Genteel Tradition. By GRANT C. KNIGHT. *University of N. Carolina: Oxford University Press.* 11*s*. 6*d*.

Si monumentum requiris, you will receive it, sooner or later, from an American university. And rest assured that its construction will be carefully supervised, in every detail. Here, for instance, posterity will learn from Professor Knight that "James Lane Allen was born backward and near midnight on the twenty-first of December, 1849, the shortest day in the year." And if posterity wonders why James Lane Allen during his early years was afraid of the dark, indeed so much so that "a walk or ride home through pitch darkness made necessary a bolder front," Professor Knight can tell of Mrs. Allen's nocturnal fright a few days before that inauspicious confinement. If, on the other hand, posterity wishes to know how much money James Lane Allen had with him when he came from his native Kentucky to New York in 1884, it will have to remain in sore perplexity: for here even Professor Knight is baffled by the authorities, Nancy H. Banks stating "a few dollars," the *Kansas City Times* of May 23rd, 1897, putting it at $100, and E. C. Litsey in the *Book News* of July, 1906, reducing this to $50. There can be no doubt that Professor Knight, before building his monument, threw himself wholeheartedly into the quarries.

Posterity, however, in the nineteen-thirties may look rather blank at the name on the plinth. Not many English readers under the age of fifty can have succumbed to the spell of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, or *The Reign of Law*, or *A Cathedral Singer*. True, Mr. Hugh Walpole, as late as 1919 was alive to the situation, when he told the New York interviewers that there were "six of your novelists who I personally think merit the attention of British book-readers—Hergesheimer, Poole, and Mrs. Wharton, James Lane Allen, Ellen Glasgow, Willa Sibert Cather, and Katherine Fullerton Gerould." (One name, apparently, given as overweight.) That was sixteen years ago, and the literary tone represented by nearly all of those names is already curiously remote from that of the list which Mr. Walpole might be found recommending to-day. In this fact lies the main interest of Professor Knight's study of Allen. The novelist died in 1925, at the age of seventy-five, having outlived his literary reputation by about twenty years, and having outlived an age socially and morally congenial to him

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by JOHN HARGRAVE 10/- *net*

by considerably more. His personal history was less eventful, either in its public or its intimate aspects, than that of most men of letters; its outstanding, and rather moving, feature was the dignity with which, as an ageing man, he faced his loss of popularity and refused to alter his standards of feeling or craftsmanship in trying to regain it. All of this Professor Knight describes fully, and with real understanding of the rather negatively aristocratic temperament which controlled the destiny of James Lane Allen.

But the point of his story lies rather in the character of his books, of the tastes which inspired and shaped and encouraged them, and in the dominance of the spirit he personified, which Professor Knight analyses as the Genteel Tradition. Amongst figures of his era like Thomas B. Aldridge, Richard H. Stoddard, R. W. Gilder, Henry van Dyke, or even among greater ones like Henry James or Howells, Allen was highly characteristic. He was a worshipper of quiet good taste; he understood nothing outside that polite garden, and looked over its trim hedges only to mutter incoherent protests. In 1916 he published in a Lexington newspaper twelve tested rules for the young writer of short stories (the form to which he turned in his later years), which illustrate the isolation of his spirit from his time: rule 3 ran, "You must inject good manners into it"; rule 4, "You must have good morals in it"; rule 11 was "Write it with awe, as if before a big audience," and rule 12, "Write it with reverence to yourself, not vanity." And outside the garden, what strange noises and confusions were proceeding! Detroit was humming, Hollywood was growing out of childhood into fantastic adolescence, and round him, on Manhattan, new crops of skyscrapers, speedy descendants from the prophetic Flatiron, were springing from the rock. The genteel writers continued to amble quietly round the paths, more wilfully deaf perhaps than any comparable figures in Europe. They died. Their garden is now completely built over.

The change certainly was not all gain. Already it is coming to be realised that the gross victory of Northern materialism in the Civil War and the post-bellum period sowed many seeds of evil in the American soul, and James Lane Allen would have had some sympathy at least with the younger Southern and agrarian movement of the past few years. But it is unlikely that his novels and stories will ever again be read by the common reader: they are neither local enough nor universal enough in their interest. The ironic twist might come posthumously to Allen if Hollywood, seeking a *Paul et Virginie* theme with a nice Kentucky setting, tried to exploit the lingering renown of *A Kentucky Cardinal*. But meanwhile he may rest quietly in his Lexington grave, under Professor Knight's memorial, a book which, for all its surplus detail, is clear, vigorously written, free from adulation, and more stimulating than its restricted theme might lead one to expect.

HAMISH MILES

ALL-IN PORTRAITURE

Ye Madde Designer. By Low. *Studio.* 6s.

It was rash of Low to call the collection of his cartoons published five years ago *The Best of Low*. For, though it would obviously be impossible for him to go on being better and better, he does—superbly—continue to be just as good as ever he was. And his latest book is in some respects the best of all—better than *Lions and Lambs*, or *Man, the Lord of Creation*, or *The Rake's Progress*—yes, almost better than the *Russian Sketchbook*.

In it (the title is the only ineffectual thing about it) he lets us in, not precisely on trade secrets, but on his own mental processes and his attitude towards his work and its critics. He does this, moreover, not merely *per* letter-press, but by giving us whole pages of rough notes and preliminary studies from his sketchbook. And—despite his righteous rage at imbeciles who imagine that good caricatures are "dashed off"—some of these little lightning-notes from life have a quality which not even the most conscientiously built-up finished figures possess: Lord Moynihan, for instance, or the smiling Mosley (p. 59) or the hysterically intellectual Sir Walter Layton on p. 61—not to mention the original note for the caricature of the Lord Chief Justice, done in the Tube on a corner of the stop-press column of the *Evening Standard*. One wishes there had been more of these; for, as Arnold Bennett once observed, the man draws just as a fish swims. (It's comforting to discover that he is fallible—and can't, always, spell; e.g., "abstruce," "Ghandi," "Beezlebub," and "Einstien.")

The four chapters of the book range conversationally, perhaps a trifle too discursively, over anecdotes about sitters, definitions of caricature (and the difference between a caricature and a cartoon) and appreciations of other caricaturists, from Hogarth and Gilray to Max. Low takes his art seriously—at least as seriously as G. F. Watts took his (and it is to be hoped that there is going to be a Low Room in the National Portrait Gallery). "At its highest point of penetration," he says, "the art of personal caricature is apt to achieve such particularity as to become almost private." There is, indeed, a kind of symbolic aptness about his remark on another page that "it is indelicate to produce a sketchbook and begin sketching at a funeral." One might almost add that some public funerals have been inaugurated by the production of Low's sketchbook.

This volume is in all sorts of ways so revealing that it only emphasises one particular disappointment. When is Low going to do a caricature of himself? "The aim of the caricaturist," he tells us, "is to discover, analyse and select essentials of personality, and by the exercise of wit to reduce them to appropriate form. *His is the art of all-in portraiture. . . .* (His task is) to fuse the physical and the spiritual, to show not Smith but his quality, to lose him in his own Smithness, so to speak." Quite. Well, some of us would like a pictorial rendering of Low's Lowness. Because the innocent-eyed, questioning-eyebrowed comic mask which appears on the covers of this book, and which figures occasionally in the cartoons, simply will not do. Admittedly it is based on the physical Low; but spiritually it is all wrong. Someone—he or another—has got to give us the portrait of a wit who is as passionate a hater of shams and pretenders, of wrongs and injustices, as ever Daumier was; an observer of character with "an eye intill him like a corbie's" for the finest subtleties; and a social satirist with a breadth of intelligence, and a range of sympathy and antipathy, as great as any prophet-commentator's of our day.

J. F. HORRABIN

HERODOTUS

Herodotus: Rawlinson's Translation Revised and Annotated. By A. W. LAWRENCE, with woodcuts by V. Le CAMPION and a coloured plate and nine maps by T. POULTON. *Nonesuch.* Six Guineas.

Sumptuously printed by the Cambridge University Press, in an edition of 675 numbered copies (the review copy bears no number) this massive volume will be welcomed by lovers of Herodotus who can afford it, and in others will stir the hope that at all events the revised translation may be made accessible at a lower price. For none of the English translations of Herodotus are satisfactory. Even in Rawlinson's version which was long canonical, Mr. Lawrence has had to make "some thousands of alterations"; and even so he has left some passages obscure, or inadequate renderings of the Greek: the account of the Labyrinth (ii. 148), Alexander's "dead heat" (v. 22), the reforms of Calisthenes (v. 66), Xerxes' bridge (vii. 36), and the geographical passages about the "Indian river" (iv. 44), the drawing of maps (iv. 36), and the "neck of the whole country" between Lydia and its neighbours (i. 72). The result of such revision is an eclectic style, quite pleasant to read; but does it do justice to Herodotus' picturesque idioms and indeed colloquialisms? His dialect was the literary medium accepted for scientific work long after his time; but he wrote as he talked, and "a huge monster of a boar" (i. 37) misses the note of "a great thing of a pig."

Mr. Lawrence has rightly seen that the first sentence of Herodotus' writing stands apart from what follows, as an introduction to the whole. He prints it accordingly below a gay woodcut, in capitals. One might wish he had used such luxury of print as is here, to display these monumental phrases in the manner of a seventeenth century title page; but this would have required another idiom of translation. Does Herodotus, in any event use *apodexis* for "publication," rather than "design" or "project"?

To the revised translation Mr. Lawrence has appended an interesting series of notes "predominantly archaeological or anthropological." For these he has gone to many recent authorities, whom he names, and has summarised the work of a host of others, in concise and helpful phrases. The note of archaism in the text is enhanced, perhaps intentionally, by printing these really valuable aids to the lay reader in minute type on a margin, an inch and a half in width, and occasionally in two similar columns at the foot of the page. This legacy of manuscript edition one would have thought practically obsolete, however decorative it

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may appear to connoisseurs. It has the further disadvantage, that sometimes even so laconic an editor finds his information overflow the page; and, on the other hand, when he has little to say, partly by reason of his self-imposed limits of topic, the notes run ahead of the text, so that, in an extreme instance the chapter printed on page 411 has its commentary on pages 401–2. But *il faut souffrir pour être beau*. Fortunately from Book V onwards, as the comments become fewer, the *marginalia* disappear; though the triple columns remain normal, and make the index—which is excellent—less easy to use than one could wish.

Archaistic also are the woodcuts designed by V. Le Campion for the flyleaf and first page, and the sketchy maps of Mr. T. Poulton. It would have been interesting to have had Mr. Lawrence's own graphic versions of his translation of the passage in which Herodotus explains, of the continents "what each is like, to draw"; but he has missed this point in his rendering, and has not visualised, at any point, what his author is trying to say on these matters. His notes on these passages are not helpful. The last map, entitled "Central Asia" begins with Kashgar, and ends east of Lake Baikal, so it is not quite clear what it is doing here.

Other aids and illustrations are more helpful. The two little vases from Naucratis in the Egyptian Delta, inscribed respectively *He . . dotou* and *Herod . . .* bring us very near to the "great original." They were scratched and dedicated in his lifetime—indeed, about the time of his memorable visit to Egypt; his name was an uncommon one; Naucratis was probably still the regular port of entry for Greeks, and his own vivid description of the soundings and landfall on that tricky coast supports the belief that it was here that he arrived. It was a happy thought to reprint, as Rawlinson did, a translation of the Behistun inscription of Darius, the longest and most articulate pronouncement of the greatest "King of kings, King of Persia, King of the countries," whose portrait Herodotus has drawn for us so vividly, drastic, magnanimous, economical, the living original of his ghost as Aeschylus staged it in *The Persians*. Mr. Lawrence has also done well to translate at length for the general reader, in his commentary, all the chief ancient passages which he has occasion to compare with his text; Hanno's voyage down the West African coast (on iv. 43), Xenophon and Quintus Curtius, on the Persian order of march (on vii. 40), Xenophon again on the Phoenician ship (on iv. 43).

In a work of this kind, it is difficult to avoid small slips, and perhaps book-collectors like them. For their encouragement we may note *G. Wells* for *J. Wells* on p. 1; *thrived* for thriven on p. 4; Rostowzew on p. 388 seems to be the same as Rostovtsef on p. 387. But the volume is beautifully printed. The pretty forget-me-not binding, however, is pathetic. No one forgets Herodotus, and the reviewer's copy already shows signs of use. Perhaps the fortunate purchasers of such an *edition de luxe* will dub it the "Cambridge" version, and keep it under glass. All the more reason for a reprint, literally to suit all pockets.

J. L. Myres

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A History of Music. By Theodor M. Finney. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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The use of quarter-tones alone, a faint impression of which remains in the curious vocal technique of the present-day Vatican choir, must have been responsible for many subtleties of effect which to our ears, trained in a harmonic system which dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, would seem merely "being out of tune." Thus any rendering of mediaeval music, for example, which our voices and instruments are capable of giving, is apt to sound monotonous and even nonsensical, though there is no reason to suppose that in range and subtlety of expression it was intrinsically inferior to, say, the paintings of Giotto. Yet in this connection it is important to remember a fact which distinguishes this music from the early examples of other arts. As Mr. Finney insists, before the fifteenth century music was regarded as (1) a science, (2) a necessary part of the liturgy, but not as a source of beauty in itself, though the question of consonance and dissonance was stated by Franco of Cologne (eleventh century. Mr. Finney gives a much later date, but the earlier one seems more probable) to be a matter for the ear alone—an important judgment. "When the social function of music changes, a change may also be expected in the music," and the development of music as a source of beauty and expression was the result of the fusion of the two main streams of religious and secular music in the fifteenth century. The nodes of this fusion were, on the one hand, the Netherlands school, of which Josquin des Prés was the greatest example, and the Jongleurs, Troubadours and Minstrels on the other; and the fertilising medium of this fusion was the invention, due mainly to the Troubadours, of instrumental music. "Pure musical form, the basis of the art, became an established fact only when the voices could stop and the instruments could go on by themselves and still make 'sense.' That simple phenomenon was what eventually made musicians aware of form as a foundation stone to the structure of a free musical art." The two streams long continued separately in the forms of Plain-song and guild folk-music; but these were to prove dead ends, whereas the new stream widened, without changing its course, until it eventually formed the immense lake of the nineteenth century, where the currents of theory move under the vast, slow surface of romantic feeling.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century, there seems little to choose between Mr. Finney's and Mr. Ferguson's account of musical history. But with the portentous advent of Beethoven and the increasing fertilisation (or "contamination," whichever you will) of musical form and expression by literary ideas and the effects of poetry, it is possible to feel that Mr. Ferguson, from his standpoint of musical *thought*, becomes the more adequate of the two. He takes more account of external, historical events—e.g., the French Revolution and Beethoven's reaction to it and to the idea of liberty—which are not mentioned by Mr. Finney, whose general sketch of the romantic movement in music is far too brief in proportion to its importance, though here, as elsewhere, his judgment is remarkably accurate and fair. Both writers bring out clearly the change from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, one feature of which was the rise of interest in orchestration (Beethoven), consequent on the invention of new instruments and the romantic desire for poetical expressiveness. Another, and even more important, feature was of course the break-up, under the same impetus, of rigid forms into the "psychological" forms of the later quartets of Beethoven and the fantasies and rhapsodies of Schumann, Chopin and Liszt. As Mr. Finney says, speaking of those quartets, "It was the pattern of a man's mind translated into sound." The account of modern composers again is, in the case of both writers, rather too brief, though Mr. Ferguson makes the important point that the transition from the nineteenth to the twentieth century took place under the sign of the release from sonata form, which, whether free or rigid, had dominated musical thought for the past 150 years.

The third book mentioned above is a symposium, which fulfils on the whole admirably the purpose for which it was designed: to give succinct accounts of the *lives*, as apart from the music, of the great composers, though not all contributors have succeeded in separating the two. Mr. Edwin Evans writes, with well balanced enthusiasm, on Berlioz and Weber, Mr. Francis Toye on Rossini and Verdi, Mr. Gerald Abraham on Debussy, Wagner and Wolf, Mr. Martin Cooper on Gluck (he has just published an excellent full-length book on the same composer), Mr. Rollo Myers on Tchaikovsky, and so on. Among the best seemed to me Mr. Bonavia on Brahms and Mr. William Glock on Schubert. One is struck by the extraordinary uneventfulness of most composers' lives; their tendency to disappear behind their works (Wagner is a glaring exception) is more marked than in the case of other kinds of artist. Considering the diversity of writers, the book contains very few wild statements, the worst of which is to the effect that Schumann's jejune first symphony, if properly performed, can make an effect "second only to Beethoven and Brahms in its century"—a remark which, in view of Schubert and Berlioz, to say nothing of Mahler and Bruckner, seems a little exaggerated.

Edward Sackville West

KEIR HARDIE

Keir Hardie. By Hamilton Fyfe. *Duckworth.* 2s.

Keir Hardie made the British Labour Party. But in the party which he had made he was never really at home. He wanted a fighting party, that would make no compromises with gentility, but bluntly upon all occasions call a spade a spade. That was not the Labour Party's way, either before the war or since; and consequently Hardie was never quite of it, even when he was its leader. But he did not repent of what he had made. From the first he had put his faith in a party based on an alliance between the Socialists and the Trade Unions, and had realised that such a "Labour Alliance" was bound to involve a compromise. Presently, he hoped, the conversion of the main body of the workers to Socialism would bring over the Trade Unions, and enable the party to become as uncompromisingly Socialist as he was himself. For that he was prepared to wait; and he died waiting—and sick at heart because most of his party had rallied to the side of what he regarded as a capitalist war.

Keir Hardie's life has not yet been written as it deserves to be written. There is a pedestrian biography by Mr. W. Stewart, and Mr. David Lowe has written a sympathetic sketch of Hardie's earlier years. To these Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has now added a miniature life which does full justice to Hardie's great work in creating the Labour Party, and arrives on the whole at a very sound appreciation of his personal qualities, especially his very characteristic way of seeing a thing first, and arriving at the reasons for it afterwards. Mr. Fyfe is full of admiration for his hero; and he does his best to communicate his enthusiasm. But the writing of short biographies is a very difficult art; and Hardie's especially can be made to come fully alive only by relating it closely to his straitened upbringing under conditions of deep poverty and to a whole series of incidents which went to form his character, and most of all illustrating largely from his articles and speeches how he felt and believed. Mr. Fyfe lacks space to handle his subject in this way; and his sketch, competent though it is, falls short of vividness. Especially does it lack those personal touches which could have been used to bring out Hardie's relations with his Labour colleagues—men so different from him in temperament and attitude as Mr. MacDonald and Lord Snowden.

This is a pity; for the Labour movement has not too many heroes, and Hardie is well worth a place among those whose personalities stay alive long after they are dead. He combined great personal shrewdness as a tactician, when he would consent to tactics, with a simplicity of outlook and a singleness of purpose that made him capable of inspiring deep love and loyalty among common men. That, with these qualities, he became one of the best-hated men in England is no cause for surprise; for first in building the Labour Party he had to fight hard against the old-time Liberal-Labour Trade Unionists, who never forgave him the hard blows he dealt; next, he found himself fighting against an overwhelming body of national sentiment in denouncing the Boer War; and thereafter he was not the man to win back lost favours by any mitigation of his principles, or of his ways of expressing them. His critics, in his own party as well as outside it, deemed him unmannerly and often offensive. The fact was that he hated the sight and thought of human suffering so intensely that it always provoked him to hot words. Mr. Fyfe does bring this out clearly, and gives, within the limits of his space, a good account of Hardie's public career. But, as in so many political biographies, a great deal of the man himself escapes.

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182 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Oxford Book of English Verse. Palgrave had Tennyson as his adviser. Q's counsellor was the adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who has given herself so prodigally but never to the Philistines; the beautiful city, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of the century, so serene; the Oxford of Newman, Arnold, Jowett, Pater. Palgrave begins with Tom Nashe and ends with Sam Rogers, although a later hand added to the garland a coronal of Tennyson, Browning, Mr. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Swinburne. The Oxford Book opens with the last enchantments of the Middle Age and reaches the Recessional of Rudyard Kipling. A quarter of Q's space is devoted to the Victorians.

And now, since a generation has sprung up that knows not Tennyson, a generation that demands more of the poet's head than of his heart, Messrs. Gollancz have had the intelligent idea of presenting us with a third anthology, of appointing a world sharer in the triumvirate, who will repair omissions and interpret modern taste. Their choice fell wisely enough upon the recent editor of Gerard Manley Hopkins, the author of *Reason and Beauty in the Poetic Mind*, one who would not wish poetic reasonableness to be more sweet than tough, Mr. Charles Williams. Conscious of his high office and loath to be dubbed a Lepidus, Mr. Williams has enlisted the service of three lieutenants: the author of *The Stricken Deer*, who has an understanding of the nineteenth century rare at the present time; Professor Ernest de Selincourt, who has done so much for one of the two sublime egoists of English poetry, and Dr. Tillyard, who has done even more for the other. These are respected names and with their support Mr. Williams emerges no Lepidus, but an Octavius Caesar. "Be a child o' the time," says Shakespeare's Antony whom we love. "Possess it, I make answer," retorts the boy Caesar whom we unwillingly admire. The two mighty opposites are summed and distinguished in a dozen words. The same gulf divides the gaiety and feeling of the Oxford Book with all its faults from the correctness and intelligence of the *New Book of English Verse*. Where Palgrave and Q were satisfied to delight, Mr. Williams is not unwilling to instruct. It is a neo-classic age and Eliot is the Dryden, the Arnold, *de nos jours*.

The prime condition of the new anthology was that it should contain no poem to be found in either of its famous predecessors. From that condition, as I think, certain consequences must follow: and the chief of these is that it must be essentially the same kind of book as the other two. It must reinforce and amplify and bring their selections up to date. Mr. Williams appears to have thought otherwise. Palgrave's intention is clearly expressed in his title and Q tells us that the numbers chosen are either lyrical or epigrammatic. "Indeed I am mistaken," he adds, "if a single epigram included fails to preserve at least some faint thrill of the emotion through which it had to pass before the Muse's lips let it fall, with however exquisite deliberation. But the lyrical spirit is volatile and notoriously hard to bind with definitions; and seems to grow wilder with the years." But whereas Palgrave and Q, like Herrick's maidens,

> With wicker arks did come
> To kiss and bear away
> The richer cowslips home,

Mr. Williams has rooted up some shrubs and hewn down the branches of some forest trees. *The New Book of English Verse* is more concerned with the epic and dramatic than the lyrical. We find here satire and didactic verse. This does not mean that it is not good anthology; nearly all anthologies are good and such an editorial board as this must claim our respect; but an anthology which includes passages from the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, from the plays of Shakespeare, Jonson, Tourneur, from *The Essay on Man*, *The Prelude*, *The Task*, *The Vision of Judgment*, *The Prophetic Books*, and the blank verse of Ebenezer Jones cannot be thought to have anything whatever to do with the Oxford Book and the Golden Treasury. The excellent intention of Messrs. Gollancz remains unfulfilled.

Were there perhaps too few cowslips to make a bunch? The Elizabethan and the Romantic meadow had been very fully gathered. Seventeenth-century lyric on the other hand had much to give and the Victorian pieces had not been too happily chosen. Palgrave and the Oxford Book assign Rossetti no more than *The Blessed Damozel*. Mr. Williams might well have allowed Hopkins more than six pages and Hardy more than three brief pieces. He is able to repair a serious miss in the eighteenth century with the inclusion of Swift's *Verses on his own Death*, but was Collins's *Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland* considered? It would at least have called the editor's attention to the line

> Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle

and prevented a mis-statement in the notes. The notes indeed are not very necessary. The comments are desultory, the style involved. "I have eschewed notes," wrote Q in his Preface, "reluctantly when some obscure passage or allusion seemed to ask for a timely word; with more equanimity when the temptation was to criticise or 'appreciate.' For the function of the anthologist includes criticising in silence." Mr. Williams yields to temptation very readily.

Had it proved that insufficient lyrical and elegiac material of value remained, the editors might have taken Q's hint, who included Milton's Invocation to Light, and strengthened their book with passages, not too many or too long, from the *Faery Queen*; with *Tintern Abbey* and the close of *Sohrab and Rustum*, and several other of Mr. Williams's choices. But such licence needs to be exercised with moderation and taste. As it is, the anthology before us, well-printed, fairly priced and not without interest, must not claim kinship with the friend of Lord Tennyson, or with the author of *The Art of Reading*.

George Rylands

A WILDERNESS TRANSFORMED

Four Hedges. By Clare Leighton. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

English love and appetite for gardening grows so speedily and so big that I like to visualise a Utopia in which wars are made impossible by horticulture, in which man will have much time for flowers and none for fighting: in which, in fact, a man might say and also be upheld: "Damn your war. I've got my onions to sow." In such a happy constitution Miss Clare Leighton would hold high social rank, decorated with orders of merit for sensible things like art and onion-sowing, instead of the pomposities for which men are now laden with empty orders and tin-can medallions. For who is to say whether seed-sowing is not as good a thing and even as profitable a thing, as the jiggery-pokery of stocks and shares? Or that a war against worms is not as good a thing, and even as profitable a thing, as a war against man?—since, whichever way you have it, the worms win in the end.

But these are gloomy thoughts with which to begin a recommendation of a book from which gloom is entirely absent. *Four Hedges* is the happiest of books, about the happiest of gardens. Tired of the autocracy of Robinson, weary of the colour-and-form sermons of Miss Jekyll, I turn with relief to Miss Leighton's book, much as one might turn from Milton to Herrick. Miss Leighton's garden is on the Chilterns, on those charming but chalk-earthed slopes which are so pleasant to see but so hellish to cultivate. All Miss Leighton's soil has long since been washed down to the Oxfordshire vale, leaving her with a fork's depth of dirty flour which looks dark and normal only during and after rain. "One might," says Miss Leighton, "be hacking at the cliffs of Dover." So the book is virtually the story of the transformation of a wilderness. Four years before the time of her writing, these four hedges contained only "rough meadowland, housing only larks and field-mice." To-day Miss Leighton has the garden of at least some of her dreams, and we in turn the record of it.

It is a record made precious by Miss Leighton's own illustrations. Already well known as a wood-engraver in arresting if rather wooden style, she comes completely into her own with seeds and flowers, in a medium where she might easily have been more wooden still. Good though her prose is, and there are times when it is unexpectedly good, her pictures, delightful in craft and feeling, are still better: dark-candled wild arums, a sitting blackbird, silk-podded beans, auriculas, poppy-seeds, mouth-gaping nestlings, cowslips, even Brussel sprouts, all are tenderly but never sentimentally done, with an authentic but always imaginative touch. Authors dream of such illustrations. Colour alone could have bettered them. In compensation, there is colour enough in the prose. Prose about flowers is like verse about flowers, which in turn is like the little girl; when good, it is very good; when bad, God help us. Thankfully, Miss Leighton's is admirable.

Altogether, then, a delightful book. Not that any gardener will learn anything from it. But what matter? Enough for once to meet someone who gardens and writes about it for nothing but love.

H. E. Bates

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Herbert Jenkins

NEW NOVELS

Fate Cannot Harm Me. By J. C. MASTERMAN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
The Asiatics. By FREDERIC PROKOSCH. *Chatto and Windus.* 8s. 6d.
Once We Had a Child. By HANS FALLADA. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.
A Shroud as Well as a Shirt. By SHAMUS FRAZER. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

The Oxford novel (*Patchwork, Most Loving Mere Folly, Other Man's Saucer*, there are many such titles) stands for a special kind of book, the kind that is parodied in *Zuleika Dobson* and the *Oxford Circus*. It is usually written by a very young man and Oxford is simply the stage where he explores the growing pains and growing pleasures, the splendours and miseries of his budding personality. Its faults are invariably egotism, insincerity, inability to create character, faults which are common to adolescent writing everywhere. But there has been a new development of the Oxford novel. Lately it has been written by Dons as well as undergraduates, and here one can analyse far more serious defects, defects which would seem to be inherent in the environment so as to account for the extraordinary literary barrenness of the senior common room. For instance, a tendency to sell Oxford, to cash in on the ancient customs, the learned eccentricities and vituperations of the fellows, and the splendours of the college cellars, to put across for a larger public a romantic eighteenth-century picture of loyal Tory brilliance, of popping corks and lost causes. In his introduction Mr. Masterman quotes Dr. Johnson twice, a Professor of Pastoral Theology, his old tutor, and a professorial friend as if to guarantee that his is the genuine Oxford marmalade.

His novel, however, is not about Oxford at all, it is an ingenious and readable story on the Maltby and Braxton Theme, in this case represented by two young writers, Hedley and Paraday-Royne, who are rivals in love as well as in literature. The story is told over a very special dinner by Monty, the hero, to a very concerned listener. And what a hero!

> Nor did he move with the mannered sinuous grace of the ballroom, nor yet with the feline certitude of the panther (was there not, as he himself put it, always something "Dago" about the movements of the cat tribe?—and Monty's walk was pre-eminently Anglo-Saxon). No—if description must be positive rather than negative, and if words must here usurp the place of the plastic arts, his walk was that of the games-player, of the modern athlete. . . . In his walk were football grounds and wing three-quarters speeding along the touch-line; and cricket grounds under summer suns with the slips poised over after over in tense immobility waiting to pounce and the off-side field just and only just moving, yet ready at an instant to leap into flashing life as the shot is played; and golf courses in the spring when the natural sea-side turf lifts the feet and the white ball winks its cheerful morning greeting. . . . All that was in Monty's walk. Beautiful.

Monty, when not playing games, works on a paper called *The New Scrutator*.

> I remember asking him once whom he really enjoyed to read, who were his literary idols among the moderns.
> "Well," he said, "Max Beerbohm, of course, he has the greatest descriptive power of them all, and then, but *longo intervallo*, P. G. Wodehouse, and Dickens when I have time, and William Watson, and Stevenson and Rupert Brooke and Flecker, and George Moore and Hemingway, oh, and hosts of others. Not a very highbrow list, but you didn't give me notice of the question."

What a fascinating answer: except for Hemingway, all his moderns are at least twenty-five years older than himself, and only two others are living—and what a light it sheds on *The New Scrutator*!

Hedley and Paraday-Royne both wrote for it too. "They visited the same houses, they played the same games, they followed the same profession." Royne was a literary charmer, a butterfly, Hedley a young man of solid talent. "The critics began to couple his name with those of Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett, and the compliment was deserved. I need not describe it to you, but I think it's true to say that it combined the wide appeal of the best-seller with the honest writing of a real literary craftsman—it was very well written . . . without any taint of the highbrow."

I think you will have grasped by now what a very entertaining book this is, and I am not going to spoil it by giving away who won the beautiful Cynthia Hetherington ("intolerable to think of Cynthia married to a man not quite a gentleman"). But notice these special Oxford qualities about it.

(1) Quotation mania—quotations, excellent in criticism, are fatal to creative work; it is like finding hay in one's milk to find unassimilated passages from other authors sticking out of every page.

(2) Fine-writing. This is another common academic fault: rhetoric, epigrams, purple patches, so typical of Beverley Nichols and Philip Guedalla, for instance, derive from the archetype of Oxford stylists, Oscar Wilde. Example here, such a sentence as "Better then, perhaps, to let it take its chance—to launch it without anticipating defence, or, if you prefer the metaphor, to refrain from indicating to the Aeoli of criticism the shorn state of my literary lamb."

(3) Romantic snobbery. The "dons on the dais serene" often cherish illusions about the outside world. One is that the upper classes are as fascinating as in the days of Horace Walpole, or as in the pages of Meredith and Proust; another is about London, which seems a kind of caliph's city brilliant with every kind of splendid and mysterious activity—Mr. Masterman really imagines that the literary talents of two rival young men could be discussed in all the clubs, drawing-rooms, offices and squash-courts of the town, and he also clings to another pathetic fallacy, that the glamour of exquisite foods and wines clings also to the people who eat and drink them.

(4) The conviction that nobody changes after they are twenty-one, that the loyalties and treacheries of adolescence are permanent, that the last word on an individual is contained in the report of his tutor.

(5) Inability to create female characters, of which the nothingness of Cynthia Hetherington compared with the vividness of the four men who fight for her is an example.

Nevertheless, I expect *Fate Cannot Harm Me* will be a best-seller.

The Asiatics is a very strange book. It is a long picaresque account of a young man's travels from Constantinople to China by way of Armenia, Persia, India, Malaya, and Indo-China. Characters appear and reappear from time to time so that, although the author never goes back anywhere, no stray ends are lost, and most of the people come after him. The coincidences that this conception of unity requires get rather on one's nerves, but they

They Tell Us That

the opponents of revolution have always maintained that it is a sterile thing, producing nothing but chaos and misery—although we for our part, being pedants, would say that to produce even chaos and misery was no sign of sterility. In fact, however, revolution has produced a great deal more that is good and a great deal more that is noble than capitalism has managed to produce in the last two decades. Not the least of its achievements has been its literature, of which too little is known in this country. Those who are able to retain an enthusiasm for the artistic development of anyone except themselves are rare, but we believe that they should be catered for. We believe too that those who would learn something about a people will learn far more from the spirit which its literature breathes than from a mansion-full of statistics, however adequately dramatised. Anyone can build a Dneipeistroi dam: anyone can cut a canal or build a railway. All these, superb achievements as they may be, are matters of calculation and exact science. But the enthusiasm with which work is done, the keenness, the sense of social responsibility are not manifest in such completed works: those things of the spirit and of the heart come to light only in the literature of the people who built them.

It is equally true—since we are being dogmatic—that the desires and hopes of men living under all systems are expressed not in their actions as reported or not reported in the daily press, but in the songs which they sing, in the women which they love and in the books which they write.

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are redeemed by the strange dreamy quality of the book, which is as far removed as possible from the travel-writing of, for instance, Mr. Peter Fleming. A kind of opalescent moony haze hangs over all the places described, which is due to the poetical mystical nature of the hero—he is young, good-looking, without money but practical in his ways of getting both gold and sexual satisfaction—and yet somehow always dreaming. It reminds me of Borrow, or, to mention a recent example, of that English picaresque novel, *Jack Robinson*. The Asiatics, and there are very many, all greet each other by phrases like " Good-morning —are you happy? Do you believe in love? " and all have ideas about their continent. " Asia . . . well," he said, " the thing about Asia is its vagueness, really. There you have it. Despair is perhaps too definite and startling a word." There are moments when one believes the author has never been to Asia at all, when the moony landscapes and reflections seem to be the product of an infinite number of digested travel-books, and yet the next moment his experiences are convincing and solid. There is one mystery that I should like cleared up. The Indian rajah visited so resembles the one in Mr. Ackerley's *Hindu Holiday* that one would like to know if he is the same or if all rajahs are modelling themselves on Mr. Ackerley's creation. But that is a small point in this vague, exciting, restless and rather disturbing book.

Once We Had a Child has " Chosen by the Book Guild, 638 pages " round its middle. Since the ordinary novel is far too dear at seven-and-six, it takes over six hundred pages to tempt the public into buying—hence the vogue for the long novel. If the price of novels was reduced to five shillings we might hope for a vogue for the short novel and see revived, at two and sixpence, that charming form, the long short story. Herr Fallada's book is a farm novel, the kind of theme which is usually deadly in English, but, owing to the author's continental freedom of speech, has been handled with great insight and vitality. He is much more like Hardy than any other English novelist, and his descriptions of life on the island of Rügen, the passions and insanities of its cultivators, make very good reading. It is a most realistic novel by someone who was a farmer himself, yet is far more interested in human behaviour than in preaching any doctrine about the soil.

A Shroud as Well as a Shirt is a satire on English Fascism. The writing bears an amazing resemblance to that of Evelyn Waugh or rather to that of his early *Vile Bodies* period; everything is there the cheery cynicism, the go-anywhere do-anything hero, the heartless climbing fiancée, the dovetailing in of all the characters the trick use of newspapers, channel steamers, the class system eccentric old gentlemen, and the hero's violent end. Everything except Evelyn Waugh's melancholy genius, his gift of selection and crispness of style. And yet, so good is the recipe, that this book though an imitation, has a real life of its own. The author is obviously temperamentally suited to the vein, and his knowledge of English Fascism is uncanny. The essential seediness of the " Cricket Shirt " movement is what strikes one most, and if the framework of this book is borrowed, Mr. Frazer has a freshness wit, a spirit all his own.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

FREUD ON HIMSELF

An Autobiographical Study. By SIGMUND FREUD. Translated by JAMES STRACHEY. *Hogarth Press.* 6*s.*

It is probable that many who take up this book, in the expectation of finding a record of the personal life of the founder of psychoanalysis, will be disappointed. It is not really an autobiography (the translator would like to call it an " autoergography ") and Freud explicitly put aside his personal life as of no interest in comparison with the history of psychoanalysis. He would probably himself scarcely term this essay a " study " it is a sketch of the development of its author's leading ideas through his professional life, such as, in its main facts, might have been produced by a faithful disciple. Nor is it new, even in English. It was written in 1925 for an admirable series of similar sketches by distinguished physicians in various lands, edited by Professor Grote, of Halle, *Die Medizin der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen*, and it is familiar to all who explore Freud's work at first hand. Moreover, this present translation, from the skilled hand of Mr. James Strachey, who has long been intimately at home in the department of psychoanalysis, was first published eight years ago in New York. Had it been written a few months earlier it would doubtless have appeared in its proper place at the end of Vol. I of the Series of *Collected Papers* (from the same publishing house), which is invaluable for the English student of Freud. It may be regarded as a supplement to that volume, enriched by a few notes and a slight postscript written for it by Freud in the present year.

These explanations are necessary to anticipate possible disappointment. But when all deductions are made, we have here a precious document which cannot be neglected by those who wish to attempt to estimate Freud's work. It is the more precious since it is probably all that we may hope to receive from its author in the way of autobiography. And while it deals almost exclusively with the growth of his already published conceptions we have here the instructive advantage of seeing them appraised by himself.

It is more than mere instruction; it is a source of charm. Freud's literary quality has usually been undervalued. He hates to be called an artist. But no one has presented his theses so seductively as he has himself. Perhaps, indeed, art is essential for the equipment of all who make a deep impression on the world. (I have sometimes asked myself whether we should ever have heard of another Jewish monument, the Bible, if it had not been in large part the superb production of literary artists.) The ideas may sometimes be complex, but Freud can present them lucidly, in the natural order in which they occurred to him and grew and changed beneath his hands. Such a record, free from any attempt at systematisation, rarely fails to prove attractive, and Freud sets it down with a simplicity and sincerity which exert a winning charm. One notes, for instance, how, in reference to his ignorance of literature, he expresses his indebtedness for some of his " discoveries " to not having been a wide reader, and how it was by a deliberate resolve that he denied himself the pleasure of reading Nietzsche. It has always been a part of the fascination he exerts that he gazes simply and directly at the facts he sees before him at the moment, without any hesitation over possible relationships that are not in sight.

There is another appealing element which cannot fail to be clear even in the mainly impersonal record of Freud's career: the element of immediate tragedy almost throughout and in spite of all the more remote triumphs. From the outset there was opposition and bitter hostility. Every new step was received coldly and repulsed. The common horror of any pronounced invocation

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of the sex factor, and sometimes the anti-Semitic prejudice, exacerbated this attitude into persecution, though it is always the fate of pioneers, and nowhere more than in medicine. But more than that, hostility came from within. Of the four or five most brilliant and vigorous of the original disciples, placed by Freud himself in key positions, Jung and Adler and Stekel all left the movement to establish flourishing rival schools. Even since this paper was written, Otto Rank, the most highly cultured of all and the nearest to Freud, whose services to psychoanalysis are here repeatedly noted, has now also gone his own way, and become critical of even the most distinctive Freudian doctrines, while among the chief faithful followers remaining, the two who seemed specially marked out to be leaders, Karl Abraham and Ferenczi, have both prematurely died.

Freud remains, and the movement he originated continues to spread, though, as he admits, its doctrines have been, especially in America, "watered down," and even though it is not true, as he too sanguinely declares, that the rival movements of Jung and Adler have "blown over." Yet the time has not come to estimate Freud's own place. It is certainly time to bring to an end the vulgar abuse which was once flung at his head, not only abroad but in his own land; he remarks that when during the Great War Germans were accused by their enemies of "barbarism" he could not contradict. There should now be no doubt that we have here a thinker and observer of penetrating intellect, of singular independence and originality.

Yet that has not led to any consensus of opinion as to the outcome. The most expert judges remain at variance among themselves, and sometimes even in themselves. That is amusingly illustrated by so conspicuous and academic a representative of psychology as Professor W. McDougall, who once boldly declared that Freud has done more for psychology than anyone since Aristotle, and yet finds most of his doctrines absurd and in the matter of psychoanalysis personally associates himself with Jung, of whom Freud has said that he changed the hilt of psychoanalysis and then put in a new blade. At the present time an international committee is inviting the leading psychologists and some other scientists of the world, including even some who have virulently attacked him, to contribute to a monumental volume in celebration of Freud's eightieth birthday. It may be doubted whether even this distinguished group will settle the question of Freud's place in human thought.

Dogmatic as his attitude has sometimes appeared, Freud's final claim is humble. "I can express a hope," he ends this essay by saying, "that I have opened up a pathway." When we think of it, that is precisely what has again and again been done by those famous Jewish pioneers—prophets as they have sometimes been called—who have exerted a dominating influence over human life and thought. Where the pathway led they may not themselves have known. One would like to think of Columbus as the supreme symbolic figure among these pioneers. We cannot, indeed, assert that Columbus, of obscure origin, was himself a Jew, but we now know that (as an authority has said) "not jewels but Jews" furnished the financial basis of his expedition, while his nautical tables were supplied by Jews and his fleet partly manned by Jews. Columbus found the pathway to a new world, but never learnt its geography. They win immortal fame, these great Hebrew prophets, Marx and the rest, but do not always clearly foresee exactly where it is that the pathway they discover will lead.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

LE CHASSEUR D'IMAGES

Journal (1887-1910). By JULES RENARD. *Nouvelle Revue Française.* 36 fr.

There are writers for whom the most scrupulous knowledge of their limitations is a condition of their success: Jules Renard is one. His art has many restrictions—a somewhat narrow sympathy, deficient invention, a preference for the small effect, but these are redeemed by the refusal to admit into his writing anything which is not wholly his own. He restricts himself to his own originality, disdaining the common stock of literature on which most novelists and many poets manage to keep alive. "Si on a une originalité," said Flaubert, "il faut avant tout le dégager"; and it was Renard's object to discover, to refine his talent. All literature, he complained, was too long; his own should be brief, packed, particular. Thus we find that his best novels—*Poil de Carotte* and *L'Ecornifleur*—bear little resemblance to the work of other novelists, or to the novel at all. Take away

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● by Drs. COSTLER, A. WILLY and others, under the general editorship of, and with special chapters by, NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.

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● CONTENTS

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BOOK III. The Miracle of Procreation, Determination of Sex, Hygiene of the Pregnant Woman, Psychology of the Pregnant Woman, Relief of Pain in Childbirth, The Care of the Mother in Childbed, Premature Labour, Miscarriage, and Abortion.

BOOK IV. The "Safe-period," Barrenness and Sterility, The Prevention of Conception, Impotence in Man, Frigidity in Woman, The Uselessness of Aphrodisiacs, The Change of Life in Man and Woman, The Problem of Rejuvenation.

BOOK V. Sexual Aberrations and Perversions-Sexual inversions of Aim and Object. Their Prevention and Cure-

BOOK VI. Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Avoidance of Venereal Disease, Other Disorders of the Sexual Organs, Non-venereal Diseases of Women.

APPENDIX. Prostitution in England, The White Slave Traffic, Bibliography, Index.

● WHAT THE PRESS THINKS:

"NEW STATESMAN AND NATION."—The Encyclopædia edited by Dr. Haire contains a mass of information which needs to spread. It includes accounts of the physiology of the genital organs, the technique of their conjunction, contraception, pregnancy, male impotence, female frigidity, the change of life, venereal diseases, prostitution, sexual abnormalities, and almost every other sexual subject. They (the Authors) are lucid, unshocked, eminently sensible. *Raymond Mortimer.*

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FRANCIS ALDOR

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from any story what it possesses in common with a hundred other stories and there will be left, in a phrase here, a scene or an incident there, what the writer himself—and not the convention he is writing in—has contributed. Only this handful of material is valuable as art, and by dilution it will lose its virtue.

In *Poil de Carotte* (1886), Renard dispenses with the usual adjuncts of narrative—the time convention, the descriptions of people and landscapes, the elaboration of a plot—and presents instead a series of brief discontinuous scenes and pictures which exhibit the characters as it might be in a film. The method gives a new value to detail. Its defect is monotony or insignificance; its advantage (as used here by Renard) that we are brought one step nearer to actuality—we no longer seem to be reading *about* certain people and their surroundings, but to feel the present and hear the sound of the voices. Poil de Carotte's "Oui maman . . . oui maman" echoes after the book has been laid down. We see him still peering into the dark, raising his arm against a blow, talking to a companion in the yard while Mme. Lepic stands looking down from a window. These pictures do not recur to us in any sequence, as part of a story, but simultaneously or singly like our own memories.

An even briefer form is employed for *Histoires Naturelles*. That delightful book, in which his art reaches perfection, is as characteristic of Renard as the *Petits Poèmes en prose* are of Baudelaire. Despite the miseries of his childhood, he was a happy man, who preferred the country to the town, and farmyard animals to actresses and journalists. Some of the pieces are only a few lines long; others extend to a page or two. They are humorous portraits of animals, reflecting also a countryside, and the wit, perceptiveness and lively fancy of their author. His "Turkey" begins: "Elle se pavane au milieu de la cour comme si elle vivait sous l'ancien régime. . . ." The couple of ducks, "lame in both legs," which waddle down to the pond to drink, and lie afterwards outside a door asleep, like a pair of clogs; the peacock, an Indian prince, with his bridegroom's tail and diabolic cry; the goat, rearing himself on hind legs in front of the Town Hall to read the notice, which he then devours; the grasshopper, "is she perhaps the gendarme among insects?"—rarely have the characters of these familiar animals been caught so humorously and lyrically and exactly. Renard said of these pieces himself that if the animals could read them he thought they would be amused.

These three books—*Poil de Carotte, L'Ecornifleur* (a realistic study of the parasitic lover), *Histoires Naturelles*—would be enough to secure him his place in literature. The posthumous *Journal*—published now at an accessible price—adds very considerably to his stature. It is a mixture of the writer's phrase-book and the intimate journal, as important a self-revelation in its way as Amiel's and ten times more readable. Certainly no one has put so much good writing into a diary before; every image is exact and fresh, every remark pointed. Open it at any of its 900 pages and you will come across sentences like these:

> Le berger avec ses moutons a l'air d'une église avec son village.
>
> En un instant, l'esprit parcourt d'immenses pays de rêves, cependant que les yeux passent sur la réalité comme des tortues.
>
> A l'Aquarium. Les hippocampes . . . se tiennent droits comme des épingles de cravate. . . .
>
> Mon père. Nous avons eu une longue vie commune. Nous avons vécu côte à côte. Il est mort, et je ne lui ai rien dit. J'ai hérité de lui le goût de la bonne soupe épaisse et chaude.
>
> La vérité n'est pas toujours l'art. L'art n'est pas toujours la vérité, mais la vérité et l'art ont des points de contact; je les cherche.
>
> Si je donnais au public ce que j'ai de médiocre et d'abondant je ferais fortune.
>
> L'enfant. Victor Hugo et bien d'autres l'ont vu ange. C'est féroce et infernal qu'il faut le voir. D'ailleurs la littérature sur l'enfant ne peut être renouvelée que si l'on se place à ce point de vue.

The *Journal* is composed less of daily happenings than of the *choses vues* of the mind—apothegms, phrases, dialogues, novelettes—all tense and brief. Gradually he draws a portrait of himself, "le chasseur d'images," the writer haunted by his childhood, who observes what is round him with cruel and lyrical attention; a fat, red-bearded man of forty, awkward and reserved in manner, stolid as a Dutchman, and the mayor of his village.

G. W. STONIER

ETHIOPIA

The Real Abyssinia. By COLONEL C. F. REY, C.M.G. *Seeley Service.* 10s. 6d.

Abyssinia at Bay. By MAX GRÜHL. *Hurst and Blackett.* 16s.

The Campaign of Adowa and the Rise of Menelik. By COLONEL G. F.-H. BERKELEY. *Constable.* 15s.

England, Italy and Abyssinia. By MAJOR-GENERAL H. ROWAN-ROBINSON. *Clowes.* 5s.

Mussolini Over Africa. By F. A. RIDLEY. *Wishart.* 3s. 6d.

Italy's responsibilities do not end in Abyssinia. Her action has released a publishers' barrage, which promises to develop in intensity as the campaign advances. The snipers of the Hurst-Blackett Division have hardly taken up their positions, before the heavy guns come into action: old field-pieces, long obsolete, are refurbished and belch their black powder across the arena. By those tokens, despite quiescence at the front, we know that the war is on.

Colonel Rey's previous works on Abyssinia are well known, and he has the advantage, which other writers may envy, of long residence in the country. This gives *The Real Abyssinia* an authority which is often lacking in such "popular" accounts as his. It is a simple, straightforward narrative which describes the conditions and inhabitants of the country and gives sufficient of their customs to underline the essential characteristics of those peoples whom we generically refer to as Abyssinians. Colonel Rey repeats Wylde's encomium on the courtesy and politeness of Abyssinians, and refers to their not-unjustified pride and independence. We may well wonder at Western arrogance when we recall that as long ago as 1900 Wylde wrote: "I have been well received everywhere when I travelled about without an escort." This testimony is worth remembering when we are told to-day that the Abyssinians are irresponsible brigands and that war is being waged on them to ensure the safety of Italy's frontiers. *The Real Abyssinia* gives a sufficient background for the general reader to understand what kinds of people are engaged in defending their legitimate rights. The historical sketch is sufficient, and what is more important it is not a réchauffé of Colonel Rey's earlier books: the material has been brought up to date, and both letterpress and illustrations give clear indications of the steady, though necessarily slow, progress that Abyssinia has made towards putting her house in order.

Abyssinia at Bay does not in any way justify its publishers' puff. It does not help us in the least to understand the present crisis. It is a travelogue pure and simple, Part I the tourist in Egypt, Part II in Abyssinia. In view of the title, if for no other reason, Part I may be disregarded. It contains many errors: the Egyptian Thebes and the Greek are confused: many of the Arabic words are incorrect. Who the author is we do not know. He claims to be an ethnologist, leader of an expedition which stayed two years in Abyssinia. Such ethnological comments as are of value may also be found in Bieber and Cerulli: his Amharic and Galla is as dubious as his Arabic: *abuna* he thinks is a proper name: his history competes with his geography in unreliability: he gives no dates, but states that he reached Addis Ababa when it was full of journalists: this might at first suggest that he was there in May or June of this year, but this is impossible since he says he met the Empress Zauditu (referred to consistently as Zauditon) who died in 1930. A deplorable and sensational book, which we should not have expected anyone who has lived in Abyssinia to write.

Colonel Berkeley's *Campaign of Adowa* is a standard work, which it would be superfluous to commend. It has been re-published with the addition of a brief introduction giving the history of Italian activities prior to 1896. It is the only detailed military account of the Adowa campaign in English, and should be read by all interested in the possibilities of the present war. We may note incidentally that the Italians then, as now, believed in the old Roman axiom, *divide et impera*: they formerly played off Menelik against John as they are to-day trying to play off Tigre against Shoa. In view of Dejazmatch Haile Selassie's recent defection we should draw attention to another astute hint, that defections from Italy may produce much more serious results than defections from Abyssinia, owing to the fluidity of the Abyssinian lines of communication as contrasted with the necessarily rigid lines of the invaders, which enables the defectors from Italy to supply accurate information of military value.

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the British campaign of 1867–68 and of the Italian campaigns before and after the Treaty of Uccialli are examples of masterly condensation. An excellent description of the country supplements the less specialised description given by Colonel Rey. The book is invaluable at the present juncture, not least for the lessons to be drawn from the earlier campaigns. We can draw attention only to a few of the many important observations which we have noted, and their significance requires no comment. Apart altogether from the other factors which assisted the British campaign, it was fortunate in having a definite objective, Magdala, whereas the absence of a definite military objective in the present campaign seriously handicaps the Italian General Command. Out of an army of 12,000 Napier could concentrate only 3,500 for battle at the decisive point, the rest being required on communications. Modern engineering and mechanised units may adjust the balance to a certain extent, but an enormous disparity still remains and will be intensified at every stage in the advance, which must therefore be exceedingly slow despite the political desirability of a short and speedy campaign.

General Rowan-Robinson very properly draws attention to the over-confidence of the Abyssinians, which may lead to an attack in mass, which against modern weapons could only be disastrous: but he also points out that "modern weapons instead of giving the regular domination over the irregular as was confidently anticipated by most military authorities have actually strengthened mountaineers equipped with a modern rifle against organised armies." "In 1860," he adds, "a British column operating in Waziristan took four days to fight its way from Jandola to Makan. In 1920 the time taken was two months."

The spelling of Abyssinian names and titles not unnaturally troubles all European writers in some degree, but generally the intention is fairly obvious. General Rowan-Robinson, however, refers to "Himaculas," in a quotation from the *Sphere*, and it may be as well to explain that this astonishing word represents Liqua-Makwas, or the unfortunate official who represents the Emperor in battle, wearing the Emperor's regalia to deceive the enemy.

Mussolini Over Africa is a slight book that falls into a different category. Despite a brief survey of the previous invasions of Abyssinia and an attempt at assessing the probable results of the present campaign, Mr. Ridley is not so much concerned with the military situation as with its reactions in Europe and on the League of Nations. A naivety of exposition, added to some factual errors, the most remarkable of which is a statement that Britain holds Irak "in the form of a Protectorate," mars an otherwise thoughtful book. His main thesis is that the subjugation of Abyssinia will mark the end of colonial expansion and that, in the absence of a voluntary redistribution, this will open the way to a world conflict, since no Imperialist power will be able to expand except at the expense of some other Imperialist power. "Fascism," he contends, "stands for a new type of Imperialism, one that presages not merely an East African but eventually a world war"—"the imperialism," as he calls it, "of the disinherited nations." We should like to see his arguments worked out more fully, but it is very doubtful whether the fall of Mussolini would also involve the fall of Hitler, as he suggests. If his general view is correct, however, it would seem that only an independent Abyssinia can save us from a world war, and he is justified therefore in calling public opinion to rally to the side of Abyssinia, since its victory would mean the end of Italian Fascism and the opening of a new era in human history. Other, possibly more cogent, arguments might be induced for invoking public opinion, and we hesitate to accept the view that only Abyssinia stands between us and an international wrangle over colonial possessions. Have no other nations besides Italy a claim to a place in the sun and to a share in a common inheritance? J. H. DRIBERG

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LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Fire of Life. By H. W. NEVINSON. *Nisbet and Gollancz*. 8s. 6d.

Glowing enthusiasm, flaming courage and white-hot indignation—the fire of life has burnt in Mr. Nevinson with a most exhilarating violence. A Liberal who became Labour when the Labour Party became the evident protagonist in the struggle to make more lives worth living, he has always been of the complexion which Conservatives and Communists agree in calling Utopian, priggish and doctrinaire. Yet in this record of his life it would be impossible to find one self-righteous sentence. Mr. Nevinson's style is almost as admirable as his life, and his three autobiographical volumes are magnificent reading. To place them within reach of a wider public Mr. Ellis Roberts has most skilfully shortened and shaped them into one volume: of course, those who have read the original will regret some of the inevitable omissions—the account of George Meredith, for instance, and, for the light it throws on the author, the description of his wound at Gallipoli. But it is Mr. Nevinson himself who is responsible for what we miss most in the autobiography—we are told disappointingly little about his private life. And one is left wondering in what manner this impetuous character who treated public things with such splendid generosity managed the even more tricky business of personal relationships.

Wherever a Macedonian was being massacred, or a negro enslaved, a Russian or an Irishman oppressed, wherever there was danger, wherever there was revolution or war, Mr. Nevinson made his way, looking for trouble. He was born in 1856, and gives vivid descriptions of Ruskin and Carlyle, Kropotkin and Tolstoy, he has been in India and America, he was in the Siege of Ladysmith, on the Western Front and at the Dardanelles; and reading his book one watches as it were a news-reel of the last fifty years. The three particular causes for which he has done most are Irish Home Rule, Woman Suffrage and the liberation of slaves in Portuguese Africa. His support of the Militant Suffragettes is indeed the one brave act of his with which it is now difficult, I think, to sympathise. Mrs. Pankhurst, however much one may admire her courage and sympathise with her aims, set an example which persons like Sir Edward Carson were very quick to repeat. I mean, not that she was responsible for what followed, but that in her use of violence as an argument, in her belief that the end justified the means, she seems the first faint omen of the sinister fate in store for Europe.

Mr. Nevinson's devotion to Ireland did not depend on illusions. Here is a passage describing his experiences in Dublin, which is a fair sample of his style:

> We accept contempt or abuse with what Carlyle called "godlike indifference," but it is difficult to remain divinely indifferent to hints at our national vulgarity and mental vacuum, insinuated with the delicacy of an old-fashioned hatpin probing the heart. Overwhelmed by my native humility, I could only gasp dumbly, like a fish on the

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> sand, and sometimes I came away from the friendliest gatherings feeling like a man who has been most skilfully operated upon for a disease he never had. . . . Nowhere else could I listen to conversation so copious, so imaginative, so envenomed, so free from boredom and the wearisome trammels of accurate information.

It is this mixture of gusto with irony which prevents Mr. Nevinson's book from ever sinking into a dismal catalogue of human folly and wickedness. And refreshed with such comments we rise the more readily to share his contemptuous disgust, as when he describes Galloper Smith prosecuting Casement for treason, or the efforts of the British Government to alienate sympathy from that unfortunate man by spreading secret stories of his sexual habits. Mr. Nevinson, whether investigating slavery on the cocoa islands or the atrocities committed by the Black and Tans under the Lloyd George regime, always by some miracle avoided becoming soured, cynical or self-satisfied. Men will do fearful things, he seems to conclude, unless you keep a sharp watch on them, but all the same how enjoyable life can be. His courage seems to have known no limits, and all he says of it is, on one occasion, that "as with most people, desire defied fear." This is a stunning book, which leaves the reader dazzled and warmed by contact with a prince. RAYMOND MORTIMER

OLD DAYS AND WAYS IN THE THEATRE

Old Theatre Days and Ways. By W. J. LAWRENCE. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

Old Theatre Days and Ways is meant to appeal to the general reader, and it fulfils this purpose admirably. Unlike many scholars, Mr. Lawrence can relax elegantly. Even when he has pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, he can sit back and gossip about the functions of the prompter and the origin of the Green Room without forgetting that he is an exact scholar. His learning, though, is never obtrusive; he speaks from an armchair, not from a rostrum, treating his audience as equals rather than pupils. It is only rarely that the familiarity of his style, though it is never condescending, seems a trifle studied.

Mr. Lawrence's main concern is with the management of the theatre behind the scenes and in front of the footlights. But it is significant that sixteen of his twenty-five short essays are devoted directly or indirectly to the control and management of the house itself. It is hardly credible, now, what a business it was in the good old days to look after a good old unruly audience. The traditional reserve of the Englishman seems to have broken down completely the moment he entered the theatre. One of the worst abuses was his habit of dodging the doorkeeper in order to avoid payment. For years, indeed for close on three centuries, the authorities tried, without complete success, to find a remedy. They installed a "numberer," whose business it was to count the occupants of the boxes; they instituted a system of checks, which broke down when it was found that the checkers could not be trusted not to pocket half the proceeds; they introduced a scheme of "sectional" payment and "after-money"; but to no avail. The determined playgoer could find his way into the house and, when pressed, into different parts of the house as easily as an undergraduate will find his way into college in the small hours. During the seventeenth century, and especially after the Restoration, the fashionable members of the audience regarded it as their privilege to do exactly what they felt like while the performance was in progress, commenting audibly on actors and spectators alike, walking on to the stage, penetrating into the "scene-room" to flirt with the ladies of the cast, caballing in "Fop Corner" and generally making an insufferable nuisance of themselves. The difficulty of keeping people out of the orchestra continued well into the last century. Voltaire had sat there, following the play with a prompt-copy; Dr. Johnson (who avoided the Green Room because he could not trust himself with uncovered breasts) made short-sight, as Reynolds made deafness, an excuse for sitting there, too; and Mr. Lawrence recalls the occasion when Lamb took advantage of his proximity to the stage to accept from the veteran actor, Munden, during an interval, a portentous pot of stout, which he proceeded to drink in full view of the audience. Even in Victoria's reign it was customary to keep two beefeaters on the stage as sentinels, a custom that seems to have relapsed after Wright, the comedian, during a royal performance, hung his hat upon one of their halberds.

There is so much entertaining gossip of this kind, and such an extraordinary collection of miscellaneous and original information in Mr. Lawrence's essays, that it is not easy to do justice to the skill with which he has arranged his material. Some idea, however, of its variety may be gained from a bare list of titles. Here are half a dozen taken at random: "Sleeping at the Play," "Cat-Calls," "The Candlesnuffer," "Getting the Bird," "The Encore," "The Stage-Villain." And there are nineteen others, all equally suggestive. JOHN HAYWARD

SHORTER NOTICES

Britain in Depression. A Record of British Industries since 1929. Prepared by a Research Committee of the Economic Science and Statistics Section of the British Association. *Pitman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The varied literature of the depression has been chiefly explanatory and diagnostic; it may have been at the same time prophetic, hortatory, hotly denunciatory or coldly scientific, but its task has predominantly been the development and illustration of theory rather than the straightforward chronicling of facts. Such literature, even at its infrequent best, requires a counterpart, if only in the shape of a bibliography guiding the student to the factual sources by which he can check whatever theory holds his interest. *Britain in Depression* provides, together with such a bibliography, a history of the chief British industries, taken individually, from the beginning of the period immediately preceding the depression up to the year 1934.

It would perhaps be carping to complain that the authors of the papers composing *Britain in Depression* have not achieved individually an aim which they have, in their preface, explicitly disavowed; that is, the provision of some interpretation, even some indication, of general tendencies. The disentangling of such tendencies, quite apart from interpretation of causes, is uphill work for the reader. Nevertheless, certain trends do stand out in industry after industry. The increase of monopolistic control, official or semi-official, coupled with governmental aversion to positive planning, appears in industry after industry; the all-powerful profit motive, combined with total lack of co-ordination, resulting here in a consumer-squeezing conspiracy, here in a tariff lobby, there in the scrap-and-sack necrosis dignified by the name of rationalisation. *Laisser-faire* is a long way behind; the planned economy is a long way ahead. One may optimistically call the result an example of the British genius for compromise, but it is difficult not to feel that this particular compromise is landing us uncomfortably between two stools, making the worst of both worlds. *Laisser-faire* (which in the full sense defined by classical economics has, like Christianity, not failed because

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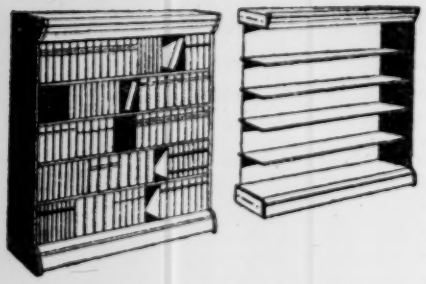

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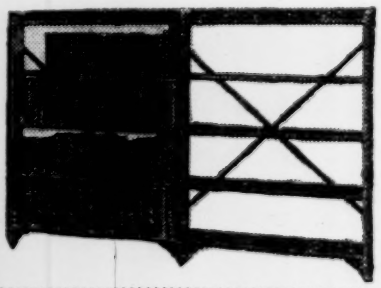

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it has never been tried) should in theory, with a very little alteration in the laws of inheritance, achieve greater efficiency, greater welfare, and more social justice than the hybrid feudalism of the last hundred and fifty years; downright, all-in State planning, with all its possibilities of error and missed opportunities, has at least the merit of responsibility to the community at large. The state of affairs shown in *Britain in Depression* is a state of progressive immobilisation; the old avenues of individual enterprise are closing, the new highway of collective advance remains blocked with rubble. A depressing book.

It remains to be said that the mass of statistical matter involved is presented in a manner comprehensible to the layman, that a rich mine of references is helpfully mapped out, and that the tangled story of prices, wages, technical and market changes, financial stresses, international influences, and legislative intervention could hardly be more clearly and conscientiously described. There is a horrible misprint on p. 423 (total volume of retail sales) which should be remedied in any future edition.

The London Goldsmiths, 1200-1800. By SIR AMBROSE HEAL. *Cambridge University Press.* £4 4*s.*

This very handsome and scholarly book is a directory of London goldsmiths of the past, including nearly 7,000 names. The interest of this department of historical research is increased by the variety of activities, since specialised, which the old goldsmiths practised. They were not only makers of toys and artificial teeth and spurs, but engravers, pawnbrokers and bankers. (Hoare's bank belongs still to the descendants of the seventeenth-century goldsmith who founded it, forming a link between Pepys, who kept his account there, and the present Foreign Secretary.) Another name interesting to find in the list is Samuel Courtauld, the Huguenot ancestor of a family which has become famous for the manufacture of rayon and the patronage of art. There are eighty plates, reproducing trade-cards in the author's collection, which are many of them exquisitely decorative in the rococo style, specimens of the goldsmith's art being shown supported on chinoiserie scrolls and brackets, and in some cases there are fascinating pictures of the shops themselves. Sir Ambrose includes erudite and interesting notes on the emblems used as shop-signs. He is to be congratulated on a very pretty piece of research, which has been incorporated in a volume which it is a pleasure to examine.

A Hundred Years of Anthropology. By T. K. PENNIMAN. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

Mr. Penniman, who is Secretary to the Committee for Anthropology in the University of Oxford, opens this survey with a brief account of the earlier history of anthropology, from the time of Herodotus, whom he claims as the first anthropologist, through the Classical and Mediaeval ages to the Renaissance, and thenceforward to the year 1835, when Charles Darwin on board the *Beagle* visited the Galapagos Islands and there conceived the idea that was to revolutionise man's conception of himself and his place in the universe. "With the publication of *The Origin of Species*, in 1859, the Constructive Period of Anthropology as a simple, though many-sided science, begins," and with this statement the survey proper opens. Mr. Penniman then describes the advance of all the sciences—biological, psychological, economic, historical, etc.—that together form the science of anthropology, during the period, which he calls constructive, ending with the century. Follows the critical period, and a glance into the future, in the course of which Mr. Penniman warns us that, in view of the necessity to-day for specialised study, all those undergoing intensive training should be obliged to gain a general acquaintance with the main lines of work in all groups before specialising in one of them. Here is a history which shows at once the scope and importance of the most modern of sciences.

Man the Unknown. By ALEXIS CARREL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Carrel was the winner of the Nobel Prize in 1912 and is famous for his research work at the Rockefeller Institute. In this book he gives the layman that knowledge of human physiology which the physician acquires in the course of his training and thereafter guards carefully behind a barrage of portentous polysyllables. For the most, and probably the best, part, this book might be called "Halliburton" for Babbitts; and as such is to be heartily welcomed. It is, of course, much more than that; for, despite his protestation that he is not a philosopher, Dr. Carrel is continually found interpreting the physiological facts in terms of psychology and metaphysics; and applying his deductions to man's habits, thoughts, conditions and aspirations. He believes that if medical men made all knowledge that is not purely sidereal their province, the profession might some day take autocratic charge of us, and tells us in fact how to get on, and presumably where we get off. The prospect is alarming. A Hitler with a stethoscope in his hat instead of merely a bee in his bonnet would be a terror indeed.

John Bellers, 1654-1725, Quaker, Economist, and Social Reformer. By A. RUTH FRY. *Cassell.* 6*s.*

This study of John Bellers makes a timely appearance, for we are to-day faced by the same problem—multiplied a hundredfold and complicated by factors of which Bellers never dreamed—that this clear-sighted capitalist made such gallant efforts to solve. The writings which Miss Fry has collected were addressed in their day to a profit-seeking community. Their address is still the same. Bellers, as a sound business man, was all for profit, but he wished his country to seek it in a well-organised world in which men would count more than money, and where no one willing to work should be forced to beg his bread. Whether his collegiate industrial community was ever practicable is of little moment, the ideas and ideals at the back of it were, and are, and always will be practicable, whatever the social and economic system may be. Miss Fry has done well to gather these curious, quaint and shrewdly benevolent essays into one volume, as a memorial to John Bellers and as a hint to the mercantilely minded to mend their manners.

On Quantitative Thinking in Economics. By GUSTAV CASSEL. *Oxford University Press.* 6*s.*

Like so many others of Professor Cassel's contributions to economic knowledge, this book seems to be offered as a purge or febrifuge to those whose mental circulation has become overheated by too prolonged a course of intellectual delicacies. Briefly and with a few hard words—"dim," "loose," "empty," "untenable," or "misleading"—he abolishes the elegant constructions of Hayek, the literary and mathematical graces of Keynes, the alluring phraseology of Robertson. The whole of modern capital theory is anathema to him. These elegancies are insusceptible to arithmetical treatment; they cannot be given statistical content; therefore, away with them.

There is a certain austerely satisfying quality in Professor Cassel's own theories, and they are certainly more susceptible to statistical checks in normal times. But their very simplicity and rigidity make them less adaptable to the analysis of crisis and disequilibrium. Lack of space forbids any real controversy as to the fundamental soundness, apart from the value, in exposition, of his views on the terminology and technique of economics; sometimes, undeniably in the right, he batters at an open door, sometimes, less unanswerably, he attacks concepts with a long and honourable record in the clarification of economic thought. But as a disturber of intellectual complacency he is, here as elsewhere, well worth reading.

Moated Houses of England. By R. THURSTON HOPKINS. *Country Life.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

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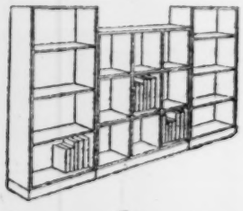

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This volume is designed primarily to supply classical Sixths and undergraduates, and their teachers, with exercises in "composition"; it contains "fair copies," or "versions," mostly in Greek and Latin verse. Some pieces are included whose metre or contents place them rather outside the usual range; it is hoped that these will help to make the book interesting and instructive to classical students in general. There are included a few "proses" of special interest, and also a few translations from Greek and Latin poetry into English verse; copies of the latter kind afford a valuable subsidiary exercise.

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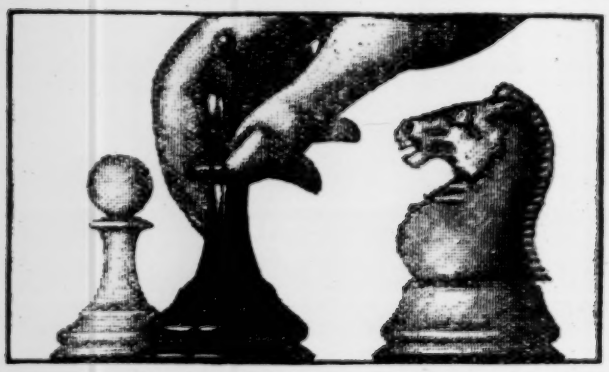
One of the chief scourges of our age, most people who care for things of the mind must have felt at one time or another, is the examination system. Nowhere is its influence more sinister than in the teaching of English literature. Dr. Gurrey has collected some samples of examination-paper questions on English poetry which seem calculated permanently to block any girl or boy's path to real appreciation and enjoyment, such as "How many flowers does Spenser mention in his Epithalamion?" It is easy to remember as bad, or worse, from one's own schooldays. After all, what other kind of question about poetry is a teacher to ask which a young pupil can answer in ten or fifteen hunted minutes? Dr. Gurrey's book is an attack on this kind of examination-paper, and on the kind of text-book that gives such hints to enlightenment as the following: "You can realise the metrical effect of this poem if you point to each foot with a pencil and say 'de-dee' for each foot," and as such it is extremely welcome. He maintains that would-be poetry teachers and text-book writers as a whole have very little idea how many-sided and subtle in its workings poetry is, emphasising the effect of one element, visual imagery, or sound, or rhythm, or idea, at the expense of all others, and he pleads for a recognition of the fact that in a first-class poem all these elements are present and many others, and none of them has value dissociated from the rest. It is a pity that his strong preference for the critical writings and tastes not only of Mr. Eliot, but also of Dr. Leavis and his school, has exercised such an influence on his choice of poetry extracts for illustration, but in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that he seems occasionally to be wandering himself in the wilderness where so many poetry critics have finally lost their way, his book is, within its limits, a sound and closely reasoned study in the proper appreciation of a complex art.



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RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 15.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 293

Set by V. S. Pritchett

I was walking down a London street one night when a young man and young woman came suddenly round the corner. As they turned the young lady took off her hat and cried: "I will never be the same woman again." The usual prizes are offered for a reconstruction of this episode in not more than three verses in the manner of either Wordsworth, Browning, Hardy or T. S. Eliot. The words quoted or an approximation thereto must be used.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

There was a large entry for this competition and the standard was very high. I was surprised at the number of competitors who attempted to parody *The Wasteland*, for, although the bizarre in Eliot always offers opportunities, his other matter is far more complex. "Palermo," D. Demarest, Margery Binner and Philip Lamb were the best scourges of Sweeney. Of the other poets, Hardy was the least popular and Wordsworth was really too easy, although the ambitious E. V. Warne attempted the manner of *The Prelude*. He was not quite good enough, and I wish some of the other wits had exploited *The Prelude's* possibilities. Wordsworth provided two excellent last verses. H.C.M.'s:

"Never again," I heard her shriek
"Will I the same woman be."
"Ah God!" I sobbed and strove to speak,
"This must be tragedy."

and Isabel Welch's:

"The woman I was once," she cried—
(Her hatless head was bent),
"I know I'll never be again."
What could the girl have meant?

And the very last line of G.T.'s Wordsworth is also a gem:

"She snatched her bonnet from her brow,
And held her heart for pain:
"Alas!" she cried, "I'll never be
My former self again."

Most competitors decided to accept the mystery without explaining it. Two or three reprimanded the lady for saying "will" instead of "shall" and several attributed her cry to the fact that she had either just had her hair bobbed or dyed. I could have wished for more originality in the reconstruction of the episode. I expected a great variety of

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suggestions. The choice finally lay between Miss R. Maxwell, Palermo, and D. Demarest, with Philip Lamb close behind them. I think Palermo's "Femme Perdue" is a shade better than D. Demarest's "Capillotomy" though neither has really managed the crucial line very deftly. In consequence Miss R. Maxwell's delicious Browning has the First Prize and Palermo the second. But if readers think I have been unjust to D. Demarest's effort it is printed below so that they may send him their private congratulations.

FIRST PRIZE

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  Nevermore.
    Need I care what mode may sway—
High or low!
Fashions, whorls on whorls,
  How they bore!
    Poof! They're gone, with winds that play
Through my curls.

Not to have her bills
  (Madame Claire),
    Those accounts, all overdue—
How it thrills!
Now, the sums I'll spend
  On my hair—
    Such a perm. of golden hue
I intend!

Since the Hatless Band
  I approve,
    See, I hurl my hat away
Down the Strand!
Cardinals, and ye,
  Hats who love!
    Other woman from to-day
I shall be!

R. MAXWELL

SECOND PRIZE

FEMME PERDUE (AFTER MR. T. S. ELIOT).

Between the menu
  and the dessert-spoon
    Falls the shadow.
(Time is very dreary).
Mr. Belliferous with bovine chin
Uplifts a paper. I adjust a pin.
Between the trifle
  And the alternative
    Falls the question
(Is there any sherry?)
The hurried man throws up, who danced in Spain,
A hundred heads. He wishes to complain.
Between the reckoning
  And the account
    Falls the question
(Where is the waitress?)
But I, accelerating to the train,
I'll never be the same woman again.

PALERMO

HIGHLY COMMENDED

CAPILLOTOMY (OR LA FIGLIA CHE MUDA?)

In the grey pavements the wet lanterns upside down Grizzle,
The grey cats at their gallows feet gratinate themselves.
A la lanterne.
The strap-hanged man emerges from the Underground,
A phthisic resurrection, bone to his bone, with an ill-folded umbrella.
Signor Bozzola throws away his penny ticket,
And the cats in the grey drizzle,
  Grizzle.

We are the strap-hanged men
Tramping with a dim Hosanna
Marching under the *Evening Standard*,
And Lord Beaverbrook his banner.
  Under the um
    Under the brella,
  Under the um
      brella.
But she, the hairdresser's assistant (*quel cauchemar*) turning at the end of the street,
Turning, turning, upside down on her pretty feet,
As I shall always remember her,
With her arms full of orchids and her shoes full of feet
(And I wonder if I should have sent her flowers?)
Takes off her hat for Signor Grandi in the rain
Remarking, "I shall never be the same woman again."

D. DEMAREST

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 150.—THE MAD HATTERS

By C. D. T. Owen. (*By permission of Messrs. T. De La Rue*)

Two friends met at their club one day, and one said: "I thought I saw Jones' old car last week-end but was not certain of it as I had forgotten its number. All I could remember was that it was an XY registration mark with a four-figure number, which did not help a great deal."

The other said: "I remember being at a small dinner party Jones gave in a West-End restaurant two years ago. Only men were present and we had such a good dinner that, afterwards, each of us went home in someone else's hat. Jones said later that the number of ways it was possible for each of us to have the wrong hat was curiously enough the number of his car. However, I can't even remember how many were at the dinner, so that won't help."

The first replied: "I'm not so sure. I rather think that it does."

How many were there at the dinner party?

PROBLEM 148.—SOCCER

This was a pretty simple affair—a little light relief after some rather heavy going. As about a couple of hundred solvers have already intimated, the required team is the *Corinthians*.

The problem was set last month at a Sphinx Club dinner, with a ten-minute time limit. The winning competitor solved it in six minutes.

PROBLEM 147.—THE BRIDGE FIENDS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. P. Finn, 20 Neale Close, N.2.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 146.—ANAGRAMS

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

SENSATIONAL RHEUMATIC CASE.

The well-known authoress Lily Porthan relates her experiences.

"A small brown piece of flannel that looked like worn-out homespun." Thus begins the Authoress in her account of her experiences of "Radicura" packs.

She continues:

"So simple and unassuming is the external appearance of the celebrated Radicura Packs, but they contain wonderful radiant minerals, which for the human body mean health and strength. And therefore the pack is worth far more than gold and jewels.

As I have myself been entirely cured of serious rheumatism in the joints by these packs, I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and rapid properties which the 'Radicura' packs possess.

A few years ago I fell ill with severe pains, which began in both knees and quickly spread to all the joints of the body. The doctor declared that it was a most severe kind of rheumatism in the joints and very hard to cure. Medicines, electricity, nothing relieved or helped. The pains were horrible. The joints had become much inflamed, and I could not in the slightest degree move the left arm and the right leg. New ointments, new treatment. All in vain!

Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through waking and pains. A burning headache gave me a presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist. I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure me. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came.

I must admit that it was with feeling of great disappointment, almost of contempt, that I examined the plain Spartan piece of flannel which was called 'Radicura' and which would for certain restore me to health.

There on the sick-table was standing a considerable collection of proud jars containing expensive ointments, bottles of strong smelling and richly coloured liquids and patent tablets in neat glass tubes. These had not helped at all. And now the Radicura pack was going to show them all what it could do.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited.

After half-an-hour I fell asleep. When I woke up, after having slept for three hours, the pain in the knee had grown considerably less, and the fever had disappeared. The pack was placed on the shoulder. Two days later I could move as I liked the arm which had hitherto been stiff, and no pain was to be felt in it any more. Now I knew that it was the Radicura pack which had brought me relief in my illness. I ordered a larger one. And, thanks to these two packs, I got quite well, so that, after having used the same night and day for four weeks, I had no more pains whatever, and slept excellently. And my sight has grown much stronger since I have worn the pack on the forehead during the night. It was the wonderful healing minerals which soothed and cured."

(*Signed*) LILY PORTHAN.

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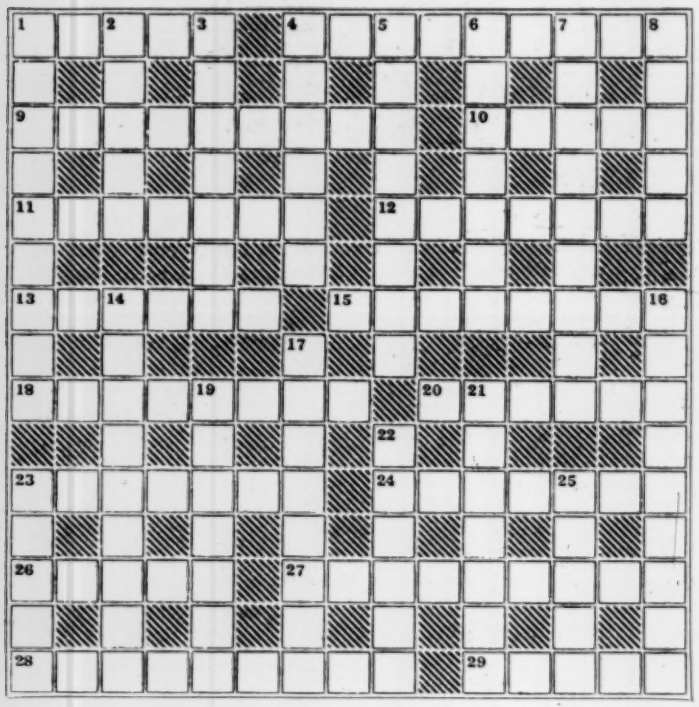
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 296

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
E. M. Wilkie, 7 Harvey Road, Cambridge.

ACROSS.

1. How the rain will stop colloquially at the end of a tenancy.
4. He would no doubt be hot on burning questions.
9. I spec mine will be edible by Christmas.
10. 'Taint to be confused with a giant.
11. Turning out Hessian.
12. Final state of 4 when the daily help coloured.
13. A tenancy has been arranged of 15's tail.
15. Angry and not in.
18. Where one should get just right.
20. Edward about to gain the victory.
23. They are, of course, intent on their holidays.
24. Not the umpire's usual conception of his fee.
26. The main colour.
27. Friend on the square in a defeated state.
28. Six are missing.
29. Obviously he can be drier than the pedestrian.

DOWN.

1. Beverage to warm one outside as well as inside.
2. At either end of a scale.
3. Exactly describes how I got the creeps.
4. The gloomy Dean has apparently joined a community.
5. Sound advice to an overworked priest abroad.
6. Gamble on the beams.
7. Am before it shortly.
8. I'd put up with the donkey.
14. He did not appr ciate "field fare."
16. Plantigrade m hugged than hu ging.
17. Angry state the logs we saw.
19. How to get ti without drinking.
21. Stevenson par wrote a story abo him.
22. A woman's dan coat, so to speak.
23. Plan produced plotters.
25. Paid about pound Scottish.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

Stop that cold with

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

A drop of Vapex on the handkerchief, inhaled frequently during the day, stops colds by going straight to the cause of the trouble — the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm, moist passages of nose and throat. Vapex clears the breathing passages, relieves headache and "stuffiness" and gently stimulates the respiratory system.

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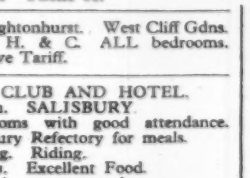

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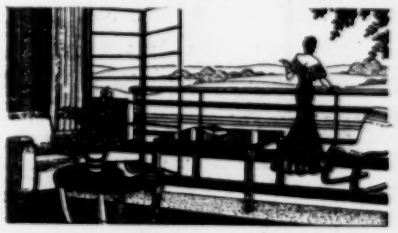

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

SAFEGUARDING NEW ISSUES—STORM OVER CHINA—GENERAL ELECTRIC—BREWERY SHARES

PUBLIC control of the financial machine is, of course, recognised as an essential part of government everywhere—except in the few remaining democracies. Major Attlee is doing good work in hammering at this point in his election speeches for I am sure that few candidates will want to be embroiled in financial controversy. A National Investment Board and a nationalised Bank of England would do the trick, and it is just possible that a mild edition of both reforms will be instituted by the National Government if it takes a second term of office. Little by little, even Mr. Neville Chamberlain is moving along the road to State supervision of the financial system. Last week, in a letter to the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, Mr. Chamberlain offered the co-operation of the Government Research Department to banks, issuing houses and brokers in checking the prospectuses of companies formed to exploit new processes. Within recent times, he said, a number of prospectuses have been issued containing claims for the scientific value of particular methods or substances which would be regarded, on the best scientific authority, as dubious or unsound. It is a pity that the services of the Government Research Department were not at the disposal of the City houses in the new issue boom of 1928–29. I could mention cases in which companies have been formed to develop new substances which existed, but which proved to have no commercial possibilities. An attractive new patent is always gold to an unscrupulous company promoter, for the parent company can sell its foreign rights to a host of illegitimate subsidiary children and make a killing for the promoters. No doubt the City houses, which have no technical knowledge, will gladly accept the Chancellor's offer, but let us not take Government safeguarding of the small and foolish investor as any substitute for Government control of national investment. The former is negative: the latter should be made a positive step towards the cure of unemployment.

* * *

The economic storm over China has broken. On Friday, the Chinese Premier was shot at, and the Bank of England, on the advice of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, appointed a "Committee of Five" to protect the interests of British holders of Chinese Bonds. On Saturday, the Silver Senators from Montana and Utah arrived in Shanghai. The Shanghai dollar, which had latterly been showing acute weakness on rumours of impending devaluation, immediately fell off its perch. Last week it dropped to 14¼*d*.—a fall of 20 per cent. since August last, and the rate has now been pegged at 14½*d*. It was in October last year that China virtually left the silver standard, for in that month the Chinese Government imposed a special export duty on silver equivalent to the amount of the depreciation on the dollar. This policy might have been successful if the American Government had not pursued its ridiculous silver buying policy and put a premium upon the illicit export or smuggling trade in China. There have been runs upon the Chinese banks and other signs of financial crisis. It was obvious that something would have to be done. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross had promised to recommend nothing until he had consulted with the Japanese Government—and I imagine the American Government also. But storms do not wait for financial advisers. Sweeping financial reforms are now announced. Silver is to be called in, note issues are to be amalgamated, and an embargo was to have been placed on the export of silver unless the foreign bankers came into line—which they have since done. The Budget is to be balanced within 18 months, and the Exchange pegged at the present level—perhaps. So far, there is no economic threat to the Chinese Customs loans—the full service of the Customs loans, including the Boxer loan of 1925, is about £8,600,000, and the Customs receipts in 1934 were £22½ millions—but there is the problem of transfer. Hence the appointment of the Committee of Five to watch the interests of British holders. The present market prices of the Chinese Customs loans are set out in the following statement:

	High 1935.	Present Price.	Yield %.
Chinese 4½% 1898	105⅜	102½	£4 8 6
Chinese 5% Boxer Loan 1925 ..	101¼	97½	£5 4 0
Chinese 5% 1913	100½	93¼	£5 9 0

I do not know why home orders for heavy electrical machinery are contracting, but I am sure that a statistical objection of this sort will not prevent General Electric ordinary shares from rising still further. A syndicate of powerful British banks and finance houses recently purchased from American interests their holding of 750,000 shares of General Electric, and I am informed that all but some 100,000 shares have been resold on the London market. Now that these shares have been repatriated, it is suggested in the market that the directors will pursue a more liberal dividend policy—say an increase from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. Earnings last year amounted to 14.8 per cent. The results for the year ending March, 1936, will not be announced till June, 1936. At 67*s*. the shares return a yield of 2.98 per cent. on the past year's dividends and 4.48 per cent. on potential dividends of 15 per cent. As an investment these shares are the rich man's fancy.

* * *

There are always two views of the brewery share market. The "bears" refer to the long-term downward trend of beer consumption: the "bulls" refer to the fact that beer consumption is actually rising. Both, I am sure, are right, but the "bulls" have for the moment a stronger case, for a decline in beer consumption is hardly compatible with a trade recovery. There was a decline in beer consumption of 106,000 standard barrels in June, but then followed these increases: July 105,000 standard barrels, August 93,000 standard barrels, and September 40,000 standard barrels, by comparison with the corresponding months of 1934. So far production this year has been about 5 per cent. above that of last year. As compared with the year before the penny came off the pint, the consumption of beer is undoubtedly rising. Brewery shares were carried to unreasonably high levels in the recent boom in "money" stocks and I can still see no justification for holding any brewery share which returns a yield of under 4½ per cent. with no prospect of an increase in dividends. Tentatively I would therefore invite the investor to consider the following:

	Dividend Last Year.	Estimated Dividend.	Price.	Yield %.
Sell.				
Watney Comb Reid Defd.	16%	16%	74/6	£4 5 9
Buy.				
Bass Ratcliff and Gretton..	20% net	22½% net	126/9	£4 11 9

Seeing that Bass, brewing the stronger beers, are the company best able to pocket the bulk of the 6*s*. per standard barrel bequeathed ostensibly to the consumer by Mr. Chamberlain in his Budget of 1933, I have no doubt that "Bass is best" among the purchases.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

L. W. PENDRED is a woodcarver in the medieval tradition and the modern style. He has several small and inexpensive pieces very suitable for Christmas Gifts. Some may be seen in London. Particulars and photographs from

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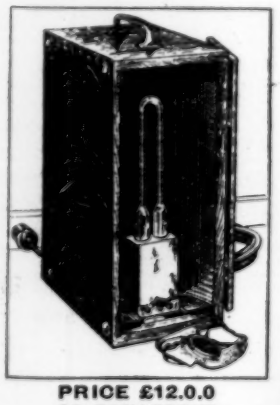

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CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, November 10th, at 11 a.m.: JOHN DRINKWATER: "THE NATURE OF POETRY." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music.
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THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Sunday, November 10th, at 11. Lord RUSSELL: "MOSES AS A LABOUR LEADER." 6.30. Dr. H. J. BRIDGES: "A RATIONAL VIEW OF MYSTICISM."

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture by BARBARA WOOTTON on "THE FUTURE OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT." Chairman, E. F. M. Durbin, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, November 13th at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members 6d., non-members 1s.; from SECRETARY, Federation of Progressive Societies, 475 Oxford Street, W.1. (May 3110) or at door.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Century Theatre, Archer Street, Westbourne Grove. The Lecture by DR. HODANN advertised for November 11th is cancelled.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The Senate invite applications for the University Chair of Statistics tenable at the London School of Economics. Salary £1,000 a year. Applications (12 copies) must be received not later than first post on 31st January, 1936, by the ACADEMIC REGISTRAR, University of London, S.W.7, from whom further particulars should be obtained.

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English Language, from Trinity Term, 1936, or if that proves unfeasible, from Michaelmas Term, 1936. Stipend according to standing and experience, not less than £200 resident or £300 non-resident with board in College. The appointment will be for two years in the first place.
Six copies of applications, which should include statement of the candidate's main fields of interest, and publications if any, together with six copies of not more than two testimonials and the names of one or two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Secretary, Somerville College, on or before November 30th. Further particulars may be obtained in the meantime from the SECRETARY as above.

COVENTRY PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited from suitably qualified (male) candidates who must be Fellows or Associates of the Library Association, for the new position of *Inspector of Branches*. The salary offered is £260, rising (subject to satisfactory service) by two annual increments of £15 and one of £10 to a maximum of £300 per annum. The post will be designated under the Superannuation Act of 1922 and the salary will accordingly be subject to a deduction of 5 per cent. for the superannuation fund. The candidate selected for appointment will be required to pass a satisfactory medical examination.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, with copies of not more than three testimonials, must be delivered by not later than Monday, 25th November.
E. AUSTIN HINTON,
City Librarian
Gulson (Central) Library,
Coventry.
31st October, 1935.

INTELLIGENT GIRL, refugee or foreign student might suit, help part-time 3 schoolboys. Must be childlover; careful. Pocket-money; bed-sitting-room. DODD, Moreton House, Highgate Village, N.6.

OXFORD woman graduate seeks part-time post (morning or by arrangement). Fluent French or German, shorthand, typing. Box 951, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PUBLIC school man, Canadian and American banking and stock exchange experience, knows both countries well, seeks post. Box 946, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile London, W.C.1.